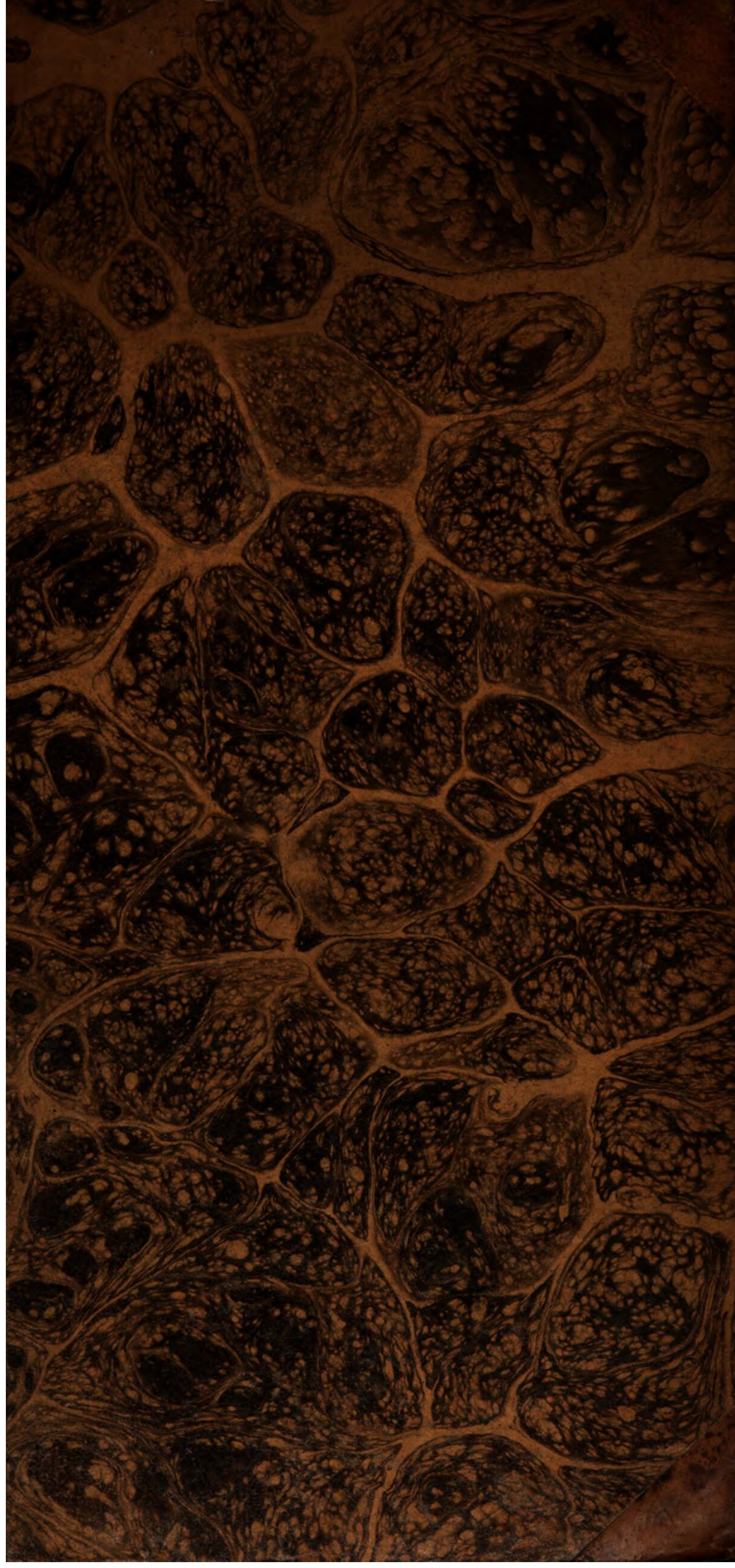




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MODERN
ENGLISH POEMS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

C o n t a i n i n g :

Lara and Ode to N. Buonaparte by Lord Byron.

The Lady of the Lake and the Field of Waterloo by
W. Scott.

Miscellaneous Poems by Sir John Carr, Wm. Words-
worth etc.

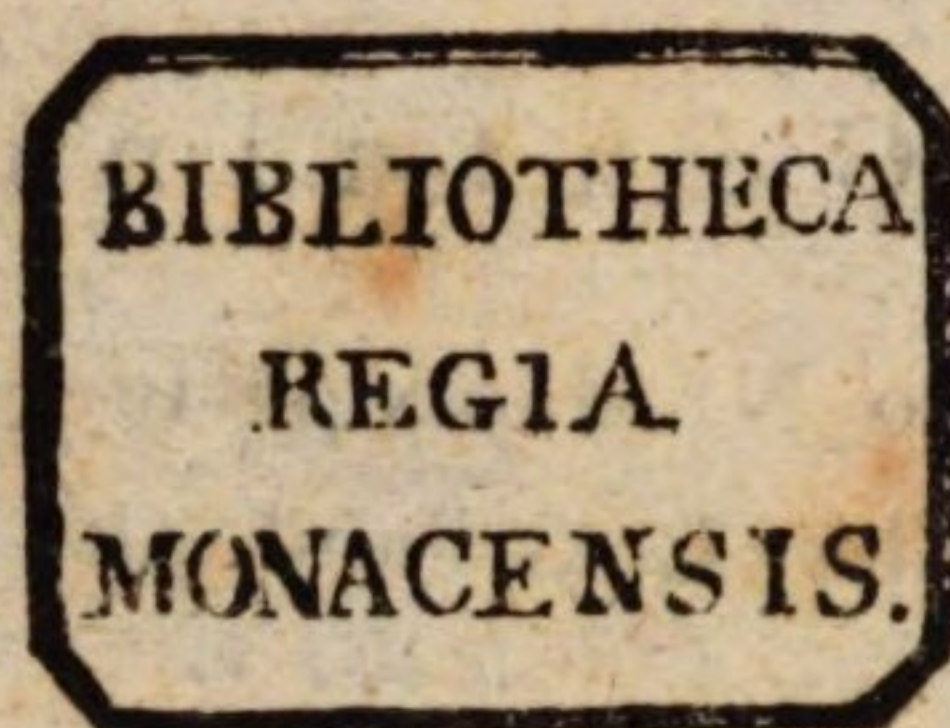
COLLECTED

BY C. R. W. WIEDEMANN. M. D.

KIEL, 1816.

PRINTED FOR AUGUST HESSE, BOOKSELLER
TO THE UNIVERSITY.

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CONTENTS

M O D E R N
E N G L I S H P O E M S.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Lara a tale by Lord Byron: Canto I.	5
— — — Canto II.	35
 The Lady of the Lake by Walter Scott:	
— — — Canto I. The Chase	67
— — — Canto II. The Island	101
— — — Canto III. The Gathering	141
— — — Canto IV. The Prophecy	177
— — — Canto V. The Combat	214
— — — Canto VI. The Guard-Room	254
 Poems by Sir John Carr.	
Verses written in a Grotto	297
Rebecca a Ballad	299
Lines to the memory of a dear Brother	301
On a withered leaf	307
Lines to a young Artist	309
Impromptu on Childhood	317

Poems by W m. Wordsworth.

Characteristics of a Child	316
We are seven	318
Lucy Gray	322
The blind Highland Boy	326
Ellen Irwin	339
The seven Sisters.	342
The Horn of Egremont Castle	346
Uncertainty of human joys	352
Ode to Fancy	354
Morning	358
Evening	359
The Field of Waterloo by W. Scott	361
Ode to N. Buonaparte by Lord Byron	388

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Of Wm. Wordsworth's Poems I have
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being added to his other Poems in some of
the later Editions, except that of 1815.

Some other Poems by different Authors
and especially the Field of Waterloo and the
Ode to N. Buonaparte, as referring to the most
interesting events of our time, may well claim
part of the Reader's attention.

KIEL April 15. 1816.

C. R. W. Wiedemann.

L A R A,

A T A L E.

L A R A.

C A N T O I.

The Serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain,
And Slavery half forgets her feudal chain;
He, their unhop'd, but unforgotten lord,
The long self-exiled chieftain is restored:
There be bright faces in the busy hall,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the wall;
Far chequering o'er the pictured window plays
The unwonted faggots' hospitable blaze;
And gay retainers gather round the hearth
With tongues all loudness, and with eyes all
mirth.

The chief of Lara is returned again:
And why had Lara cross'd the bounding main?

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And why had Lara cross'd the bounding main?

Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself; — that heritage of woe,
That fearful empire which the human breast
But holds to rob the heart within of rest! —
With none to check, and few to point in time
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime;
Then, when he most required commandment,
then

Had Lara's daring boyhood govern'd men.
It skills not, boots not, step by step to trace
His youth through all the mazes of its race;
Short was the course his restlessness had run,
But long enough to leave him half undone.

And Lara left in youth his father-land;
But from the hour he waved his parting hand
Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till all
Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.
His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,
'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there;
Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.
His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name,
His portrait darkens in its fading frame,

Another chief consoled his destined bride,
The young forgot him, and the old had died;
„Yet doth he live!” exclaims the impatient heir,
And sighs for sables which he must not wear.
A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace
The Laras’ last and longest dwelling place;
But one is absent from the mouldering file
That now were welcome in that Gothic pile.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,
And whence they know not, why they need not
guess;
They more might marvel, when the greeting’s
o’er,
Not that he came, but came not long before:
No train is his beyond a single page,
Of foreign aspect, and of tender age.
Years had roll’d on, and fast they speed away
To those that wander as to those that stay;
But lack of tidings from another clime
Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time:
They see, they recognise, yet almost deem
The present dubious, or the past a dream.

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He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's prime,
Though seared by toil, and something touch'd
by time;
His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce forgot,
Might be untaught him by his varied lot;
Nor good nor ill of late were known, his name
Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame:
His soul in youth was haughty, but his sins
No more than pleasure from the stripling wins;
And such, if not yet harden'd in their course,
Might be redeem'd, nor ask a long remorse.

And they indeed were changed — 'tis quick-
ly seen
Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been;
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
And spake of passions, but of passion past;
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise;
A high demeanour, and a glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look;
And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
That darts in seeming playfulness around,

And makes those feel that will not own the
wound;

All these seem'd his, and something more beneath
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe:
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

Not much he lov'd long question of the past,
Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts vast
In those far lands where he had wandered lone,
And — as himself would have it seem — un-
known:

Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely scan,
Nor glean experience from his fellow man;
But what he had beheld he shunn'd to show,
As hardly worth a stranger's care to know;
If still more prying such enquiry grew,
His brow fell darker, and his words more few.

Not unrejoiced to see him once again,
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of men;

Born of high lineage, link'd in high command,
He mingled with the Magnates of his land;
Join'd the carousals of the great and gay,
And saw them smile or sigh their hours away:
But still he only saw, and did not share
The common pleasure or the general care;
He did not follow what they all pursued
With hope still baffled, still to be renew'd;
Nor shadowy honour, nor substantial gain,
Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's pain:
Around him some mysterious circle thrown
Repell'd approach, and showed him still alone;
Upon his eye sate something of reproof,
That kept at least frivolity aloof;
And things more timid that beheld him near,
In silence gaz'd, or whisper'd mutual fear;
And they the wiser, friendlier few confess'd
They deem'd him better than his air express'd.

'Twas strange — in youth all action and
all life,
Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;
Woman — the field — the ocean — all that
gave

Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,
In turn he tried — he ransack'd all below,
And found his recompence in joy or woe,
No tame, trite medium; for his feelings sought
In that intenseness an escape from thought:
The tempest of his heart in scorn had gazed
On that the feeble elements hath rais'd;
The rapture of his heart had look's on high
And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the sky:
Chain'd to excess, the slave of each extreme,
How woke he from the wildness of that dream?
Alas! he told not — but he did awake
To curse the wither'd heart that would not break.

Books, for his volume heretofore was Man,
With eye more curious he appear'd to scan,
And oft in sudden mood for many a day
From all communion he would start away:
And then, his rarely call'd attendants said,
Through night's long hours would sound his
hurried tread
O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers frown'd
In rude but antique portraiture around.

They heard, but whisper'd — „that must not
be known —

The sound of words less earthly than his own.
Yes, they who choose might smile, but some had
seen

They scarce knew what, but more than should
have been.

Why gaz'd he so upon the ghastly head
Which hands profane had gather'd from the
dead,

That still beside his open'd volume lay,
As if to startle all save him away?

Why slept he not when others were at rest?

Why heard no music, and received no guest?

All was not well they deemed — but where the
wrong?

Some knew perchance — but 'twere a tale too
long;

And such besides were too discreetly wise,

To more than hint their knowledge in surmise;

But if they would — they could" — around the
board

Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

It was the night — and Lara's glassy stream
The stars are studding, each with imaged beam:
So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away;
Reflecting far and fairy-like from high
The immortal lights that live along the sky:
Its banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,
And flowers the fairest that may feast the bee;
Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,
And Innocence would offer to her love.
These deck the shore; the waves their channel
make
In windings bright and mazy, like the snake.
All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
You scarce would start to meet a spirit there;
Secure that nought of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!
It was a moment only for the good:
So Lara deemed, nor longer there he stood,
But turned in silence to his castle-gate;
Such scene his soul no more could contemplate:
Such scene reminded him of other days,
Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer blaze,

Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that

now —

No — no — the storm may beat upon his

brow,

Unfelt — unsparing — but a night like this,

A night of beauty mock'd such breast as his.

He turned within his solitary hall,

And his high shadow shot along the wall;

There were the painted forms of other times,

'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,

Save vague tradition: and the gloomy vaults

That hid their dust, their foibles, and their faults;

And half a column of the pompous page,

That speeds the specious tale from age to age;

Where history's pen its praise or blame supplies,

And lies like truth, and still most truly lies.

He wandring mused, and as the moon-beam

shone

Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of stone,

And the high fretted roof, and saints, that there

O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer,

Reflected in fantastic figures grew,

Like life, but not like mortal life, to view;

His bristling locks of sable, brow of gloom,
And the wide waving of his shaken plume
Glanced like a spectre's attributes, and gave
His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

Tw'as midnight — all was slumber; the lone
light

Dimm'd in the lamp, as loth to break the night.
Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall —
A sound — a voice — a shriek — a fearful
call!

A long, loud shriek — and silence — did they
hear

That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?

They heard and rose, and tremulously brave
Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save;
They come with half-lit tapers in their hands,
And snatch'd in startled haste unbelted brands.

Cold as the marble where his length was
laid,

Pale as the beam that o'er his features played,
Was Lara stretch'd; his half drawn sabre near,
Dropp'd it should seem in more than nature's fear;
Yet he was firm, or had been firm till now,

And still defiance knit his gathered brow;
Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he lay,
There lived upon his lip the wish to slay;
Some half form'd threat in utterance there had
died,

Some imprecation of despairing pride;
His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook,
Even in its trance, the gladiator's look,
That oft awake his aspect could disclose,
And now was fix'd in horrible repose.

They raise him — bear him; — hush! he brea-
thes, he speaks,

The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,
His lip resumes its red, his eye, though dim,
Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering
limb

Recalls its function, but his words are strung
In terms that seem not of his native tongue;
Distinct but strange, enough they understand
To deem them accents of another land,
And such they were, and meant to meet an ear
That hears him not — alas! that cannot
hear!

His page approach'd, and he alone appear'd
To know the import of the words they heard;
And by the changes of his cheek and brow
They were not such as Lara should avow,
Nor he interpret, yet with less surprise
Than those around their chieftain's state he eyes,
But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,
And in that tongue which seem'd his own replied,
And Lara heeds those tones that gently seem
To soothe away the horrors of his dream;
If dream it were, that thus could overthrow
A breast that needed not ideal woe.

Whate'er his phrenzy dream'd or eye beheld,
If yet remember'd ne'er to be reveal'd,
Rests at his heart: the custom'd morning came,
And breath'd new vigour in his shaken frame;
And solace sought he none from priest nor leech,
And soon the same in movement and in speech
As heretofore he fill'd the passing hours,
Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead lours
Than these were wont; and if the coming night
Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,
He to his marvelling vassals show'd it not,

Whose shuddering prov'd their fear was less
forgot.

In trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawl
The astonish'd slaves, and shun the fated hall;
The waving banner, and the clapping door,
The rustling tapestry, and the echoing floor;
The long dim shadows of surrounding trees,
The flapping bat, the night song of the breeze;
Aught they behold or hear their thought appals
As evening saddens o'er the dark grey walls.

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er unravell'd
gloom

Came not again, or Lara could assume
A seeming of forgetfulness that made
His vassals more amaz'd nor less afraid —
Had memory vanish'd then with sense restored?
Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their lord
Betrayed a feeling that recalled to these
That fevered moment of his mind's disease —
Was it a dream? was his the voice that spoke
Those strange wild accents; his the cry that broke
Their slumber? his the oppress'd o'er-laboured
heart

That ceased to beat, the look that made them
start?

Could he who thus had suffered, so forget
When such as saw that suffering shudder yet?
Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd
Too deep for words, indelible, unmix'd
In that corroding secrecy which gnaws
The heart to show the effect, but not the cause?
Not so in him; his breast had buried both,
Nor common gazers could discern the growth
Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave half told;
They choak the feeble words that would unfold.

In him inexplicably mix'd appeared
Much to be loved and hated, sought and feared;
Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot;
His silence formed a theme for others' prate —
They guess'd — they gazed — they fain would
know his fate.

What had he been? what was he, thus unknown
Who walked their world, his lineage only known?
A hater of his kind? yet some would say,

With them he could seem gay amidst the gay?
But own'd, that smile if oft observed and near,
Waned in its mirth and withered to a sneer;
That smile might reach his lip, but passed not by,
None e'er could trace its laughter to his eye:
Yet there was softness too in his regard,
At times, a heart as not by nature hard,
But once perceiv'd, his spirit seem'd to chide
Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,
And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem
One doubt from others half withheld esteem;
In self-inflicted penance of a breast
Which tenderness might once have wrung from
rest;

In vigilance of grief that would compel
The soul to hate for having lov'd too well.

There was in him a vital scorn of all:
As if the worst had fall'n which could befall.
He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurled;
A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory yet

His mind would half exult and half regret:
With more capacity for love than earth
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,
His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
And troubled manhood followed baffled youth;
With thought of years in phantom chace mis-
pent,
And wasted powers for better purpose lent;
And fiery passions that had poured their wrath
In hurried desolation o'er his path,
And left the better feelings all at strife
In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,
He called on Nature's self to share the shame,
And charged all faults upon the fleshly form
She gave to clog the soul, and feast the worm;
'Till he at last confounded good and ill,
And half mistook for fate the acts of will:
Too high for common selfishness, he could
At times resign his own for others' good,
But not in pity, not because he ought,
But in some strange perversity of thought,
That swayed him onward with a secret pride

To do what few or none would do beside;
And this same impulse would in tempting time
Mislead his spirit equally to crime;
So much he soared beyond, or sunk beneath
The men with whom he felt condemned to breathe,
And longed by good or ill to separate
Himself from all who shared his mortal state;
His mind abhorring this had fixed her throne
Far from the world, in regions of her own;
Thus coldly passing all that passed below,
His blood in temperate seeming now would flow:
Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had glowed,
But ever in that icy smoothness flowed!
'Tis true, with other men their path he walked,
And like the rest in seeming did and talked,
Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor start,
His madness was not of the head, but heart;
And rarely wandered in his speech, or drew
His thoughts so forth as to offend the view.

With all that chilling mystery of mien,
And seeming gladness to remain unseen;
He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an art
Of fixing memory on another's heart:

It was not love perchance — nor hate — nor
aught

That words can image to express the thought:
But they who saw him did not see in vain.
And once beheld, would ask of him again:
And those to whom he spake remembered well,
And on the words, however light, would dwell:
None knew, nor how, nor why, but he entwined
Himself perforce around the hearer's mind;
There he was stamp'd, in liking, or in hate,
If greeted once; however brief the date
That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,
Still there within the inmost thought he grew.
You could not penetrate his soul, but found,
Despite your wonder, to your own he wound;
His presence haunted still; and from the breast
He forced an all unwilling interest;
Vain was the struggle in that mental net,
His spirit seemed to dare you to forget!

There is a festival, where knights and dames,
And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims
Appear — a highborn and a welcomed guest
To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest,

The long carousal shakes the illumin'd hall,
Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball;
And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's train
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain:
Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands
That mingle there in well according bands;
It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,
And make Age smile, and dream itself to youth,
And Youth forget such hour was past on earth —
So springs the exulting bosom to that mirth!

And Lara gaz'd on these sedately glad,
His brow belied him if his soul was sad,
And his glance followed fast each fluttering fair,
Whose steps of lightness woke no echo there:
He lean'd against the lofty pillar nigh
With folded arms and long attentive eye,
Nor mark'd a glance so sternly fix'd on his —
Ill brook'd high Lara scrutiny like this:
At length he caught it; 'tis a face unknown,
But seems as searching his, and his alone;
Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,
Who still till now had gaz'd on him unseen;
At length encountering meets the mutual gaze

Of keen enquiry, and of mute amaze;
On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,
As if distrusting that the stranger threw;
Along the stranger's aspect fix'd and stern
Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye could
learn.

„'Tis he!” the stranger cried, and those that
heard

Re-echoed fast and far the whisper'd word.

„'Tis he!” — „'Tis who?” they question far and
near,

Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear;

So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook

The general marvel, or that single look;

But Lara stirr'd not, changed not — the surprise

That sprung at first to his arrested eyes

Seem'd now subsided; neither sunk nor rais'd

Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger
gaz'd;

And drawing nigh, exclaim'd, with haughty
sneer,

„'Tis he! — how came he thence? — what doth
he here?”

It were too much for Lara to pass by
Such question, so repeated fierce and high;
With look collected, but with accent cold,
More mildly firm than petulantly bold,
He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone —
„My name is Lara! — when thine own is known,
Doubt not my fitting answer to requite
The unlook'd for courtesy of such a knight.
'Tis Lara! — further wouldst thou mark or ask?
I shun no question, and I wear no mask.”

„Thou shun'st no question! Ponder — is there
none

Thy heart must answer, though thine ear would
shun?

And deem'st thou me unknown too? Gaze again!
At least thy memory was not given in vain:
Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt,
Eternity forbids thee to forget.”

With slow and searching glance upon his face
Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could trace
They knew, or chose to know — with dubious
look

He deign'd no answer, but his head he shook,

And half contemptuous turn'd to pass away;
But the stern stranger motioned him to stay.
„A word! — I charge thee stay, and answer here
To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy peer;
But as thou wast and art — nay, frown not,
lord,

If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word —
But, as thou wast and art, on thee looks down,
Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy frown.
Art thou not he whose deeds —?”

„Whate'er I be,
Words wild as these, accusers like to thee
I list no further; those with whom they weigh
May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay
The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue can tell,
Which thus begins so courteously and well.
Let Otho cherish here his polish'd guest,
To him my thanks and thoughts shall be ex-
pressed.”

And here their wondering host hath interposed —
„Whate'er there be between you undisclosed,
This is no time nor fitting place to mar
The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.

If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast aught to show
Which it befits Count Lara's ear to know,
To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may best
Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the rest;
I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown,
Though like Count Lara now return'd alone
From other lands, almost a stranger grown;
And if from Lara's blood and gentle birth
I augur right of courage and of worth,
He will not that untainted line belie,
Nor aught that knighthood may accord deny."
„To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied,
And here our several worth and truth be tried;
I gage my life, my falchion to attest
My words, so may I mingle with the blest!"
What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;
The words of many, and the eyes of all
That there were gather'd seem'd on him to fall;
But his were silent, his appear'd to stray
In far forgetfulness away — away —
Alas! that heedlessness of all around
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

„To-morrow!—ay, to-morrow!” further word
Than those repeated none from Lara heard;
Upon his brow no outward passion spoke,
From his large eye no flashing anger broke;
Yet there was something fix’d in that low tone
Which show’d resolve, determined, though un-
known.

He seiz’d his cloak — his head he slightly bow’d,
And passing Ezzelin he left the crowd;
And, as he pass’d him, smiling met the frown
With which that chieftain’s brow would bear him
down:

It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling pride
That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot hide;
But that of one in his own heart secure
Of all that he would do, or could endure.
Could this mean peace? the calmness of the good?
Or guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?
Alas! too like in confidence are each
For man to trust to mortal look or speech;
From deeds, and deeds alone, may he discern
Truths which it wrings the unpractised heart to
learn.

And Lara called his page, and went his way —
Well could that stripling word or sign obey:
His only follower from those climes afar
Where the soul glows beneath a brighter star;
For Lara left the shore from whence he sprung,
In duty patient, and sedate though young;
Silent as him he served, his faith appears
Above his station, and beyond his years.
Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's land,
In such from him he rarely heard command;
But fleet his step, and clear his tones would come,
When Lara's lip breath'd forth the words of
home:

Those accents as his native mountains dear,
Awake their absent echoes in his ear,
Friends', kindreds', parents', wonted voice recall,
Now lost, abjured, for one — his friend, his all:
For him earth now disclosed no other guide;
What marvel then he rarely left his side?

Light was his form, and darkly delicate
That brow whereon his native sun had sate,
But had not marr'd, though in his beams he
grew,

The cheek where oft the unbidden blush shone
through;

Yet not such blush as mounts when health would
show

All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;

But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care

That for a burning moment fevered there;

And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed caught

From high, and lightened with electric thought,

Though its black orb those long low lashes fringe,

Had tempered with a melancholy tinge;

Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,

Or if 'twere grief, a grief that none should share:

And pleased not him the sports that please his age,

The tricks of youth, the frolics of the page,

For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,

As all forgotten in that watchful trance;

And from his chief withdrawn, he wandered lone,

Brief were his answers, and his questions none;

His walk the wood, his sport some foreign book;

His resting-place the bank that curbs the brook:

He seem'd, like him he served, to live apart

From all that lures the eye, and fills the heart;

To know no brotherhood, and take from earth
No gift beyond that bitter boon — our birth.

If aught he lov'd, 'twas Lara; but was shown
His faith in reverence and in deeds alone;

In mute attention; and his care, which guessed
Each wish, fulfilled it ere the tongue expressed.

Still there was haughtiness in all he did,

A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid;

His zeal, though more than that of servile hands,

In act alone obeys; his air commands,

As if 'twas Lara's less than his desire

That thus he served, but surely not for hire.

Slight were the tasks enjoined him by his lord,

To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword;

To tune his lute, or if he willed it more,

On tomes of other times and tongues to pore;

But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,

To whom he showed nor deference nor disdain,

But that well-worn reserve which proved he knew

No sympathy with that familiar crew:

His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,

Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.

Of higher birth he seemed, and better days,

Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,
So femininely white it might bespeak
Another sex, when matched with that smooth
cheek,
But for his garb, and something in his gaze,
More wild and high than woman's eye betrays;
A latent fierceness that far more became
His fiery climate than his tender frame;
True, in his words it broke not from his breast,
But from his aspect might be more than guessed.
Kaled his name, though rumour said he bore
Another ere he left his mountain-shore;
For sometimes he would hear, however nigh,
That name repeated loud without reply,
As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,
Start to the sound, as but remembered then;
Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that spake,
For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all awake.

He had looked down upon the festive hall,
And marked that sudden strife so marked of all;
And when the crowd around and near him told
Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,
Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore

Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,
The colour of young Kaled went and came,
The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame;
And o'er his brow the dampening heart-drops
threw

The sickening iciness of that cold dew
That rises as the busy bosom sinks
With heavy thoughts from which reflection shrinks.
Yes — there be things that we must dream and
dare,

And execute ere thought be half aware:

Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow
To seal his lip, but agonise his brow.

He gazed on Ezzelin till Lara cast

That sidelong smile upon the knight he passed;

When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,

As if on something recognized right well;

His memory read in such a meaning more

Than Lara's aspect unto others wore:

Forward he sprung — a moment, both were
gone,

And all within that hall seem'd left alone;

Each had so fix'd his eye on Lara's mien,

All had so mix'd their feelings with that scene,
That when his long dark shadow through the
porch

No more relieves the glare of yon high torch,
Each pulse beats quicker, and all bosoms seem
To bound as doubling from too black a dream,
Such as we know is false, yet dread in sooth,
Because the worst is ever nearest truth.

And they are gone — but Ezzelin is there,
With thoughtful visage and imperious air;
But long remain'd not; ere an hour expired
He waved his hand to Otho, and retired.

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,
Again to that accustomed couch must creep
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,
And man o'er-laboured with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:

There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's
guile,

Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile,
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,

And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.
What better name may slumber's bed become?
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk
supine,
Alike in naked helplessness recline;
Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least.

L A R A.

C A N T O II.

Night wanes — the vapours round the mountains curl'd

Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.

Man has another day to swell the past,

And lead him near to little, but his last;

But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,

The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth,

Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,

Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.

Immortal man! behold her glories shine,

And cry, exulting inly, „they are thine!”

Gaze on, while yet thy gladdened eye may

see —

A morrow comes when they are not for thee;

And grieve what may above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all;
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil.

'Tis morn — 'tis noon — assembled in the
hall,

The gathered chieftains come to Otho's call;
'Tis now the promised hour that must proclaim
The life or death of Lara's future fame;
When Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,
And whatsoe'er the tale, it must be told.
His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise given,
To meet it in the eye of man and heaven.
Why comes he not? Such truths to be divulged,
Methinks the accuser's rest is long indulged.

The hour is past, and Lara too is there,
With self-confiding, coldly patient air;
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past,
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brow's o'ercast:
„I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear,
If yet he be on earth, expect him here;

The roof that held him in the valley stands
Between my own and noble Lara's lands;
My halls from such a guest had honour gain'd,
Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdain'd,
But that some previous proof forbade his stay,
And urged him to prepare against to-day;
The word I pledged for his I pledge again,
Or will myself redeem his knighthood's stain."

He ceased — and Lara answer'd, „I am here
To lend at thy demand a listening ear;
To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue,
Whose words already might my heart have
 wrung,

But that I deem'd him scarcely less than mad,
Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.
I know him not — but me it seems he knew
In lands where — but I must not trifle too:
Produce this babbler — or redeem the pledge;
Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's edge."

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening, threw
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew:
The last alternative befits me best,
And thus I answer for mine absent guest."

With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his own or other's tomb;
With hand, whose almost careless coolness spoke,
Its grasp well-used to deal the sabre-stroke;
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.
In vain the circling chieftains round them closed,
For Otho's phrenzy would not be opposed;
And from his lip those words of insult fell —
His sword is good who can maintain them well.

Short was the conflict, furious, blindly rash,
Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash:
He bled, and fell; but not with deadly wound,
Stretched by a dextrous sleight along the ground.
„Demand thy life!” He answered not: and then
From that red floor he ne'er had risen again,
For Lara's brow upon the moment grew
Almost to blackness in its demon hue;
And fiercer shook his angry falchion now
Than when his foe's was levelled at his brow;
Then all was stern collectedness and art,
Now rose the unleavened hatred of his heart;
So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,

That when the approaching crowd his arm with-
held,

He almost turned the thirsty point on those
Who thus for mercy dared to interpose;
But to a moment's thought that purpose bent,
Yet look'd he on him still with eye intent,
As if he loathed the ineffectual strife
That left a foe, howe'er o'erthrown, with life;
As if to search how far the wound he gave
Had sent its victim onward to his grave]

They raised the bleeding Otho, and the
Leech

Forbade all present question, sign, and speech;
The others met within a neighbouring hall,
And he, incensed and heedless of them all,
The cause and conqueror in this sudden fray,
In haughty silence slowly strode away;
He back'd his steed, his homeward path he took,
Nor cast on Otho's tower a single look.

But where was he? that meteor of a night,
Who menaced but to disappear with light?
Where was this Ezzelin? who came and went
To leave no other trace of his intent.

He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,
In darkness, yet so well the path was worn
He could not miss it; near his dwelling lay;
But there he was not, and with coming day
Came fast enquiry, which unfolded nought
Except the absence of the chief it sought;
A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,
His host alarmed, his murmuring squires dis-
tressed:

Their search extends along, around the path,
In dread to meet the marks of prowlers' wrath:
But none are there, and not a brake hath borne
Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle torn;
Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the grass,
Which still retains a mark where murder was;
Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,
The bitter print of each convulsive nail,
When agonized hands that cease to guard,
Wound in that pang the smoothness of the sward.
Some such had been, if here a life was left,
But these were not; and doubting hope is left;
And strange suspicion, whispering Lara's name,
Now daily mutters o'er his blackened fame;

Then sudden silent when his form appeared,
Awaits the absence of the thing it feared
Again its wonted wondering to renew,
And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

Days roll along, and Otho's wounds are healed,
But not his pride; and hate no more concealed:
He was a man of power, and Lara's foe,
The friend of all who sought to work him woe,
And from his country's justice now demands
Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands.

Who else than Lara could have cause to fear
His presence? who had made him disappear,
If not the man on whom his menaced charge
Had sate too deeply were he left at large?
The general rumour, ignorantly loud,
The mystery, dearest to the curious crowd;
The seeming friendlessness of him who strove
To win no confidence, and wake no love;
The sweeping fierceness which his soul betray'd,
The skill with which he wielded his keen blade;
Where had his arm unwarlike caught that art?
Where had that fierceness grown upon his heart?
For it was not the blind capricious rage

A word can kindle and a word assuage,
But the deep working of a soul unmix'd
With aught of pity where its wrath had fix'd:
Such as long power and overgorged success
Concentrates into all that's merciless:

These, link'd with that desire which ever sways
Mankind the rather to condemn than praise,
'Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm,
Such as himself might fear, and foes would form;
And he must answer for the absent head
Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

Within that land was many a malcontent,
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
Who worked his wantonness in form of law;
Long war without and frequent broil within
Had made a path for blood and giant sin,
That waited but a signal to begin
New havock, such as civil discord blends,
Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or friends:
Fix'd in his feudal fortress each was lord,
In word and deed obeyed, in soul abhorr'd.
Thus Lara had inherited his lands,

And with them pining hearts and sluggish hands;
But that long absence from his native clime
Had left him stainless of oppression's crime,
And now diverted by his milder sway,
All dread by slow degrees had worn away;
The menials felt their usual awe alone,
But more for him than them that fear was grown:
They deem'd him now unhappy, though at first
Their evil judgment augur'd of the worst,
And each long restless night and silent mood
Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude;
And though his lonely habits threw of late
Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his gate;
For thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed with-
drew;

For them, at least, his soul compassion knew:
Cold to the great, contemptuous to the high,
The humble passed not his unheeding eye;
Much he would speak not, but beneath his roof
They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof;
And they who watched might mark that day by
day,
Some new retainers gathered to his sway;

But most of late since Ezzelin was lost
He played the courteous lord and bounteous
host:

Perchance his strife with Otho made him dread
Some snare prepared for his obnoxious head;
Whate'er his view, his favour more obtains
With these, the people, than his fellow thanes.
If this were policy, so far 'twas sound,
The million judged but of him as they found;
From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven
They but required a shelter, and 'twas given:
By him no peasant mourn'd his rifled cot,
And scarce the Serf could murmur o'er his lot;
With him old avarice found its hoard secure,
With him contempt forbore to mock the poor;
Youth present cheer and promised recompence
Detained, till all too late to part from thence:
To hate he offered with the coming change
The deep reversion of delayed revenge;
To love, long baffled by the unequal match,
The well-won charms success was sure to snatch.
All now, was ripe, he waits but to proclaim
That slavery nothing which was still a name.

The moment came, the hour when Otho thought
Secure at last the vengeance which he sought:
His summons found the destined criminal
Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,
Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,
Defying earth, and confident of heaven.

That morning he had freed the soil-bound slaves,
Who dig no land for tyrants but their graves!
Such is their cry — some watchword for the
fight

Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the right:
Religion — freedom — vengeance — what you
will,

A word's enough to raise mankind to kill;
Some factious phrase by cunning caught and
spread

That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms
be fed!

Throughout that clime the feudal chiefs had
gain'd

Such sway, their infant monarch hardly reign'd;
Now was the hour for faction's rebel growth,
The Serfs contemn'd the one, and hated both:

They waited but a leader, and they found
One to their cause inseparably bound;
By circumstance compell'd to plunge again
In self-defence amidst the strife of men.
Cut off by some mysterious fate from those
Whom birth and nature meant not for his foes,
Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,
Prepared to meet, but not alone, the worst:
Some reason urged, whate'er it was, to shun
Enquiry into deeds at distance done;
By mingling with his own the cause of all,
E'en if he failed, he still delayed his fall.
The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,
The storm that once had spent itself and slept,
Roused by events that seemed foredoom'd to urge
His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge,
Burst forth, and made him all he once had been,
And is again; he only changed the scene.
Light care had he for life, and less for fame,
But not less fitted for the desperate game:
He deem'd himself mark'd out for other's hate,
And mock'd at ruin so they shared his fate.
What cared he for the freedom of the crowd?

He raised the humble but to bend the proud.
He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair,
But man and destiny beset him there:
Inured to hunters he was found at bay,
And they must kill, they cannot snare the prey.
Stern, unambitious, silent, he had been
Henceforth a calm spectator of life's scene;
But dragg'd again upon the arena, stood
A leader not unequal to the feud;
In voice —, mien — gesture — savage nature
spoke,
And from his eye the gladiator broke.

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,
The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?
The varying fortune of each separate field,
The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that yield?
The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?
In this the struggle was the same with all;
Save that distempered passions lent their force
In bitterness that banished all remorse.
None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was vain,
The captive died upon the battle-slain:
In either cause one rage alone possessed

The empire of the alternate victor's breast;
And they that smote for freedom or for sway
Deem'd few were slain, while more remain'd
to slay.

It was too late to check the wasting brand,
And Desolation reaped the famished land;
The torch was lighted, and the flame was spread,
And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse
strung,

The first success to Lara's numbers clung;
But that vain victory hath ruined all,
They form no longer to their leader's call;
In blind confusion on the foe they press,
And think to snatch is to secure success.
The lust of booty and the thirst of hate
Lure on the broken brigands to their fate;
In vain he doth whate'er a chief may do
To check the headlong fury of that crew;
In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,
The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame;
The wary foe alone hath turn'd their mood,
And shown their rashness to that erring brood:

The feign'd retreat, the nightly ambuscade,
The daily harass, and the fight delayed,
The long privation of the hoped supply,
The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,
The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's art,
And palls the patience of his baffled heart,
Of these they had not deem'd: the battle-day
They could encounter as a veteran may;
But more preferred the fury of the strife,
And present death to hourly suffering life:
And famine wrings, and fever sweeps away
His numbers melting fast from their array;
Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,
And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent:
But few remain to aid his voice and hand,
And thousands dwindled to a scanty band:
Desperate, though few, the last and best remain'd
To mourn the discipline they late disdain'd.
One hope survives, the frontier is not far,
And thence they may escape from native war;
And bear within them to the neighbouring state
An exile's sorrows, or an outlaw's hate:

Hard is the task their father-land to quit,
But harder still to perish or submit.

It is resolved — they march — consenting

Night

Guides with her star their dim and torchless flight;

Already they perceive its tranquil beam

Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream;

Already they descry — Is yon the bank?

Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank.

Return or fly! — What glitters in the rear?

'Tis Otho's banner — the pursuer's spear!

Are those the shepherds' fires upon the height?

Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight:

Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the toil,

Less blood perchance hath bought a richer spoil!

A moment's pause; 'tis but to breathe their

band,

Or shall they onwards press, or here withstand?

It matters little — if they charge the foes

Who by the border-stream their march oppose,

Some few, perchance, may break and pass the

line,

However link'd to baffle such design.

„The charge be ours! to wait for their assault
Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt.”
Forth flies each sabre, reined is every steed,
And the next word shall scarce outstrip the deed:
In the next tone of Lara's gathering breath
How many shall but hear the voice of death!

His blade is bared, in him there is an air
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;
A something of indifference more than then
Becomes the bravest if they feel for men —
He turned his eye on Kaled, ever near,
And still too faithful to betray one fear;
Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twilight
threw

Along his aspect an unwonted hue
Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint expressed
The truth, and not the terror of his breast.
This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on his:
It trembled not in such an hour as this;
His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,
His eye alone proclaim'd, „We will not part!
Thy band may perish, or thy friends may flee,
Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee!”

The word hath pass'd his lips, and onward
driven

Pours the link'd band through ranks asunder
riven;

Well has each steed obeyed the armed heel,
And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel;
Outnumber'd not outbrav'd, they still oppose
Despair to daring, and a front to foes;
And blood is mingled with the dashing stream,
Which runs all redly till the morning beam.

Commanding, aiding, animating all,
Where foe appeared to press, or friend to fall,
Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes his steel,
Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel.

None fled, for well they knew that flight were
vain,

But those that waver turn to smite again
While yet they find the firmest of the foe
Recoil before their leader's look and blow;
Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,
He foils their ranks, or reunites his own;
Himself he spared not — once they seemed to
fly —

Now was the time, he waved his hand on high,
And shook — why sudden droops that plumed
crest?

The shaft is sped — the arrow's in his breast!
That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,
And Death hath stricken down yon arm of pride.
The word of triumph fainted from his tongue;
That hand, so raised, how droopingly it hung!
But yet the sword instinctively retains,
Though from its fellow shrink the falling reins;
These Kaled snatches: dizzy with the blow,
And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,
Perceives not Lara that his anxious page
Beguiles his charger from the combat's rage:
Meantime his followers charge, and charge again;
Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain!

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,
The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head;
The war-horse masterless is on the earth,
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody girth;
And near yet quivering with what life remain'd,
The heel that urg'd him and the hand that
rein'd;

And some too near that rolling torrent lie,
Whose waters mock the lip of those that die;
That panting thirst which scorches in the breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop — the last — to cool it for the grave;
With feeble and convulsive effort swept
Their limbs along the crimson'd turf have crept;
The faint remains of life such struggles waste,
But yet they reach the stream, and bend to taste:
They feel its freshness, and almost partake —
Why pause? — No further thirst have they to
slake —

It is unquench'd, and yet they feel it not;
It was an agony — but now forgot!

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
Where but for him that strife had never been,
A breathing but devoted warrior lay:
'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.
His follower once, and now his only guide,
Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,
And with his scarf would staunch the tides that
rush

With each convulsion in a blacker gush;
And then as his faint breathing waxes low,
In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow:
He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,
And merely adds another throb to pain.

He clasps the hand that pang which would as-
suage,

And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page
Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor
sees,

Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees;
Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

The foe arrives, who long had search'd the
field,

Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield;
They would remove him, but they see'twere vain,
And he regards them with a calm disdain,
That rose to reconcile him with his fate,
And that escape to death from living hate:
And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,
Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,
And questions of his state; he answers not,

Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,
And turns to Kaled: — each remaining word,
They understood not, if distinctly heard;
His dying tones are in that other tongue,
To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.
They spake of other scenes, but what — is
known

To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd alone;
And he replied, though faintly, to their sound,
While gaz'd the rest in dumb amazement round:
They seem'd even then — that twain — unto
the last

To half forget the present in the past;
To share between themselves some separate fate,
Whose darkness none beside should penetrate.

Their words though faint were many —
from the tone
Their import those who heard could judge alone;
From this, you might have deem'd young Kaled's
death

More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,
So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke
The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke;

But Lara's voice though low, at first was clear
And calm, till murmuring death gasp'd hoarsely
near:

But from his visage little could we guess,
So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,
Save that when struggling nearer to his last,
Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;
And once as Kaled's answering accents ceas'd,
Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East:
Whether (as then the breaking sun from high
Roll'd back the clouds) the morrow caught his
eye,

Or that 'twas chance, or some remember'd scene
That rais'd his arm to point where such had been,
Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd away,
As if his heart abhorred that coming day,
And shrunk his glance before that morning light
To look on Lara's brow — where all grew
night.

Yet sense seem'd left, though better were its
loss:

For when one near display'd the absolving cross,
And proffered to his touch the holy bead

Of which his parting soul might own the need,
He look'd upon it with an eye profane,
And smiled — Heaven pardon! if 'twere with
disdain;

And Kaled though he spoke not, nor withdrew
From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,
With brow repulsive, and with gesture swift,
Flung back the hand which held the sacred gift,
As if such but disturbed the expiring man,
Nor seem'd to know his life but then began,
The life immortal, infinite, secure,
To all for whom that cross hath made it sure!

But gasping heav'd the breath that Lara drew,
And dull the film along his dim eye grew;
His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head droop'd
o'er

The weak yet still untiring knee that bore;
He press'd the hand he held upon his heart —
It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
For that faint throb which answers not again.
„It beats!” — Away, thou dreamer! he is gone —
It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

He gaz'd, as if not yet had pass'd away
The haughty spirit of that humble clay;
And those around have rous'd him from his
trance,
But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance;
And when in raising him from where he bore
Within his arms the form that felt no more,
He saw the head his breast would still sustain,
Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain;
He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd and
fell,
Scarce breathing more than that he lov'd so
well —
Than that he lov'd! Oh! never yet beneath
The breast of man such trusty love may breathe!
That trying moment hath at once reveal'd
The secret long and yet but half-conceal'd;
In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confest;
And life return'd, and Kaled felt no shame —
What now to her was Womanhood or Fame?

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,
But where he died his grave was dug as deep;
Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,
Though priest nor bless'd, nor marble deck'd
the mound;

And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet grief,
Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief.
Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,
And vain e'en menace — silent to the last,
She told nor whence nor why she left behind
Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.
Why did she love him? Curious fool! — be
still —

Is human love the growth of human will?
To her he might be gentleness; the stern
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern
And when they love, your smilers guess not how
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.
They were not common links that form'd the
chain

That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain;
But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,
And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

They laid him in the earth, and on his breast,
Besides the wound that sent his soul to rest,
They found the scatter'd dints of many a scar
Which were not planted there in recent war;
Where'er had pass'd his summer years of life
It seems they vanish'd in a land of strife;
But all unknown his glory or his guilt,
These only told that somewhere blood was spilt,
And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the past,
Return'd no more — that night appear'd his last.

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)
A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale,
When Cynthia's light almost gave way to morn,
And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;
A Serf, that rose betimes to thread the wood,
And hew the bough that bought his children's food,
Pass'd by the river that divides the plain
Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:
He heard a tramp — a horse and horseman broke
From out the wood — before him was a cloak
Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-bow,
Bent was his head, and hidden was his brow.
Rous'd by the sudden sight at such a time,

And some foreboding that it might be crime,
Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's course,
Who reach'd the river, bounded from his horse,
And lifting thence the burthen which he bore,
Heav'd up the bank, and dash'd it from the shore,
Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and seem'd
to watch,

And still another hurried glance would snatch,
And follow with his step the stream that flow'd,
As if even yet too much its surface show'd:
At once he started, stoop'd, around him strown
The winter floods had scattered heaps of stone;
Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd there,
And slung them with a more than common care.
Meantime the Serf had crept to where unseen
Himself might safely mark what this might mean;
He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,
And something glittered starlike on the vest,
But ere he well could mark the buoyant trunk,
A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk:
It rose again but indistinct to view,
And left the waters of a purple hue,
Then deeply disappear'd; the horseman gaz'd

Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had rais'd;
Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,
And instant spurr'd him into panting speed.
His face was mask'd — the features of the dead,
If dead it were, escaped the observer's dread;
But if in sooth a star its bosom bore,
Such is the badge that knighthood ever wore,
And such 'tis known Sir Ezzelin had worn
Upon the night that led to such a morn.
If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his soul!
His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll;
And charity upon the hope would dwell
It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

And Kaled — Lara — Ezzelin, are gone,
Alike without their monumental stone!
The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean
From lingering where her chieftain's blood had been,
Grief had so tam'd a spirit once too proud,
Her tears were few, her wailing never loud;
But furious would you tear her from the spot
Where yet she scarce believ'd that he was not,
Her eye shot forth with all the living fire
That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire;

But left to waste her weary moments there,
She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,
Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,
And woos to listen to her fond complaints:
And she would sit beneath the very tree
Where lay his drooping head upon her knee;
And in that posture where she saw him fall,
His words, his looks, his dying grasp recall;
And she had shorn, but sav'd her raven hair,
And oft would snatch it from her bosom there,
And fold, and press it gently to the ground,
As if she staunch'd anew some phantom's wound.
Herself would question, and for him reply;
Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly
From some imagin'd spectre in pursuit;
Then seat her down upon some linden's root,
And hide her visage with her meagre hand
Or trace strange characters along the sand —
This could not last — she lies by him she lov'd;
Her tale untold — her truth too dearly prov'd.

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE.

A POEM

IN SIX CANTOS

BY

WALTER SCOTT.

ARGUMENT.

The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch-Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The Time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each day occupy a Canto.

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

The Chase.

Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast
hung

On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's
spring,

And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,

Till envious ivy did around thee cling,

Muffling with verdant ringlet every string, —

O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?

Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,

Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,

Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to
weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd;
For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's
matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

The Stag ad eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As chief who hears his warder call,
„To arms! the foemen storm the wall,”
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
'Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment list'ned to the cry,

That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,
Rock glen and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered an hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
An hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,

And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,¹
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his path-way hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed per-force,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse;
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly, on the mountain side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble Stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copse-wood gray,

That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.
Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith, —
For twice, that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant Stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost Horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For, jaded now, and spent with toil,

Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring Stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,²
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the blood-hounds staunch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the Stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound, and death-halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew;
But thundering as he came prepared,

With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.

There while, close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more.
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
„I little thought, when first thy rein

I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
'That costs thy life, my gallant grey!' —

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers sleep,
But where he died his grave was dug as deep;
Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,
Though priest nor bless'd, nor marble deck'd
the mound;

And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet grief,
Less loud, outlasts a people's for their chief.
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The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more.
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
„I little thought, when first thy rein

I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
'That costs thy life, my gallant grey!' —

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;

Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,

The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each clift a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain,
The weather-beaten crags retain.

With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,

The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim;
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,³
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crag, knoll, and mound, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,

While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed
The Stranger, raptured and amazed.
And, „What a scene were here,” he cried,
„For princely pomp or churchman’s pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady’s bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister grey.
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover’s lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matin’s distant hum,
While the deep peal’s commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell —
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,

Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

„Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now, — beshrew yon nimble deer, —
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that; — the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place; —
A summer night, in green-wood spent,
Were but to-morrow's merriment;
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found;
To meet with highland plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer. —
I am alone; — my bugle strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this faulchion has been tried.” —

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,

From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A Damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seemed to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chizzel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown, —
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace, —
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread;
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue, —
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her sattin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid

Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame; —
O need I tell that passion's name!

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne: —
„Father!” she cried; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused, no answer came, —
„Malcolm, was thine the blast?” the name
Less resolutely uttered fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
„A stranger I,” the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid alarmed, with hasty oar,
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom’s screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing,)
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth,

And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports, or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armour trod the shore.
Slighting the petty need he showed,
He told of his benighted road;
His ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seemed that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command.

A while the maid the Stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at last replied,
That highland halls were open still
To wildered wanderers of the hill.

„Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pulled for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled, ^{3^b}
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer.” —

„Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has erred,” he said;
„No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.

A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a fay in fairy land.” —

„I well believe,” the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,
„I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch-Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight,

Old Allan-bane foretold your plight, —
A grey-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.
He saw your steed, a dappled grey,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,
That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt,
That faulchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron's plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be,
To grace a guest of fair degree;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deemed it was my father's horn,
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne." —

The Stranger smiled: — „Since to your home,
A destined errant knight I come,
Announced by prophet sooth and old,
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I'll lightly front each high emprise,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes;
Permit me, first, the task to guide

Your fairy frigate o'er the tide." —
The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
The toil unwonted saw him try;
For seldom, sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasped an oar:
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The darkening mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

The Stranger viewed the shore around;
'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,
Nor track nor path-way might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground;

Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower⁴.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, over-head,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,

The clematis, the favoured flower,
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch-Katrine's keen and searching air.

An instant in this porch she staid,
And gaily to the Stranger said,
„On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!” —

„My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee.” —

He crossed the threshold — and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.

To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,

When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade

Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;

For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:

A target there, a bugle here,

A battle-axe, a hunting spear,

And broad-swords, bows, and arrows store,

With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

The wondering Stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised; —
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
And as the brand he poised and swayed,
„I never knew but one,” he said,
„Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle field.” —
She sighed, then smiled and took the word;
„You see the guardian champion's sword:
As light it trembles in his hand,
As in my grasp a hazel wand;

My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus, or Ascabart; ⁵
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old." —

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unmasked his birth and name ⁶.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the Stranger names,
„The knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;

His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Out-stripped his comrades, missed the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wandered here." —

Fain would the Knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire;
Well shewed the elder lady's mien,
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks displayed
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Shewed she was come of gentle race;
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turned all inquiry light away: —
„Wierd women we! by dale and down,
We dwell afar from tower and town,

We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing." —
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.

S o n g.

„Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
„No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,

Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping." —

She paused — then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day;
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

Song continued.

„Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillie.

Sleep! the deer is in his den;

Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;

Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,

How thy gallant steed lay dying.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,

Think not of the rising sun,

For at dawning to assail ye,

Here no bugles sound reveillie." —

The hall was cleared — the Stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft an hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes;
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,

His standard falls, his honour's lost.
Then, — from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night! —
Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,
O were his senses false or true!
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now!

At length, with Ellen in a grove,
He seemed to walk, and speak of love;
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;

Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore. —
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.

The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half shewing, half concealing all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the Stranger fixed his eye
Where that huge faulchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moon-shine pure.

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse, —
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway

Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:
„Why is it at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme? —
I'll dream no more — by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more.” —
His midnight orison he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold,
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturbed repose;
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Benvenue.

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO SECOND.

The Island.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest
lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a Minstrel grey, '
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy
strain,
Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-haired
Allan-bane!

S o n g.

„Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then, Stranger, go! good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.
„High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battled line,
Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport,
Where Beauty sees the brave resort,
The honoured meed be thine!
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind and dear,
And lost in love's and friendship's smile,
Be memory of the lonely isle.”

„But if beneath yon southern sky

A plaided stranger roam,

Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,

And sunken cheek and heavy eye,

Pine for his highland home;

Then, warrior, then be thine to show

The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;

Remember then thy hap ere while

A stranger in the lonely isle.

„Or if on life's uncertain main

Mishap shall mar thy sail;

If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,

Woe, want, and exile thou sustain

Beneath the fickle gale;

Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,

On thankless courts, or friends estranged,

But come where kindred worth shall smile,

To greet thee in the lonely isle.” —

As died the sounds upon the tide,

The shallop reached the main-land side,

And ere his onward way he took,

The Stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach
The Harper on the islet beach,
Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, grey, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seemed watching the awakening fire;
So still he sate, as those who wait
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;
So still, as life itself were fled,
In the last sound his harp had sped.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.
Smiled she to see the stately drake
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
While her vexed spaniel, from the beach,

Bayed at the prize beyond his reach?
Yet tell me then the maid who knows,
Why deepened on her cheek the rose? —
Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!
Perchance the maiden smiled to see
Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
And stop and turn to wave anew;
And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
Shew me the fair would scorn to spy,
And prize such conquest of her eye!

While yet he loitered on the spot,
It seemed as Ellen marked him not;
But when he turned him to the glade,
One courteous parting sign she made;
And after, oft the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair,
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell,
As at that simple mute farewell.
Now with a trusty mountain guide,
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,

He parts — the maid, unconscious still,
Watched him wind slowly round the hill;
But when his stately form was hid,
The guardian in her bosom chid —
„Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!”
’Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,
„Not so had Malcolm idly hung
On the smooth phrase of southern tongue;
Not so had Malcolm strained his eye
Another step than thine to spy. —
„Wake, Allan-bane,” aloud she cried,
To the old Minstrel by her side,
„Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
I’ll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warm thee with a noble name;
Pour forth the glory of the Græme.”⁸ —
Scarce from her lip the word had rushed,
When deep the conscious maiden blushed;
For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

The Minstrel waked his harp — three times
Arose the well-known martial chimes,
And thrice their high heroic pride

In melancholy murmurs died.

— „Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid,”

Clasping his withered hands, he said,

„Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain,

Though all unwont to bid in vain.

Alas! than mine a mightier hand

Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned!

I touch the chords of joy, but low

And mournful answer notes of woe;

And the proud march which victors tread,

Sinks in the wailing for the dead. —

O well for me, if mine alone

That dirge's deep prophetic tone!

If, as my tuneful fathers said,

This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed, °

Can thus its master's fate foretell,

Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

„But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed

The eve thy sainted mother died;

And such the sounds which, while I strove

To wake a lay of war or love,

Came marring all the festal mirth,

Appalling me who gave them birth,

And, disobedient to my call,
Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall,
Ere Douglasses to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven. ¹⁰ —
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die." —

Soothing she answered him, „Assuage,
Mine honoured friend, the fears of age;
All melodies to thee are known,
That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,
In lowland vale or highland glen,
From Tweed to Spey — what marvel, then,
At times, unbidden notes should rise,
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,

Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with the funeral song? —
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native virtue great,
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resigned,
Than yonder oak might give the wind;
The graceful foliage storms may reave,
The noble stem they cannot grieve.
For me," — she stooped, and, looking round,
Plucked a blue hare-bell from the ground,
„For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows,
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair." —
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
Wiled the old harper's mood away.
With such a look as hermits throw
When angels stoop to sooth their woe,
He gazed, till fond regret and pride,
Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied:
„Loveliest and best! thou little know'st
The rank, the honours thou hast lost!
O might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place,
To see my favourite's step advance,
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!”¹¹ —

„Fair dreams are these,” the maiden cried,
(Light was her accent, yet she sighed,)
„Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
Nor would my footstep spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline

To royal minstrel's lay as thine;
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,
Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch-Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray — for a day.” —

The ancient bard his glee repressed:
„Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled!
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew; ^{1 2}
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;
And since, though outlawed, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else dared give, — ah! woe the day,
That I such hated truth should say —
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disowned by every noble peer, ^{1 3}

Even the rude refuge we have here?
Alas, this wild marauding chief
Alone might hazard our relief,
And now thy maiden charms expand,
Looks for his guerdon in thy hand;
Full soon may dispensation sought,
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
Then, though an exile on the hill,
Thy father, as the Douglas, still
Be held in reverence and fear;
And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear,
That thou might'st guide with silken thread,
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread;
Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
Thy hand is on a lion's mane." —

„Minstrel," the maid replied, and high
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
„My debts to Roderick's house I know:
All that a mother could bestow,
'To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrowed o'er her sister's child;
To her brave chieftain son, from ire

Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed;
And, could I pay it with my blood,
Allan! Sir Roderick should command
My blood, my life, — but not my hand.
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronnan's cell; ¹⁴
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.

„Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses
gray —

That pleading look, what can it say
But what I own? — I grant him brave,
But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave; ¹⁵
And generous — save vindictive mood,
Or jealous transport, chafe his blood:
I grant him true to friendly band,
As his claymore is to his hand;

But O! that very blade of steel
More mercy for a foe would feel:
I grant him liberal, to fling
Among his clan the wealth they bring,
When back by lake and glen they wind,
And in the Lowland leave behind,
Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
The hand that for my father fought,
I honour, as his daughter ought;
But can I clasp it reeking red,
From peasants slaughtered in their shed?
No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
They make his passions darker seem,
And flash along his spirit high,
Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
While yet a child, — and children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe, —
I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear,
His haughty mien and lordly air;
But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,

In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
To change such odious theme were best, —
What think'st thou of our stranger guest?" —

„What think I of him? — woe the while
That brought such wanderer to our isle!
Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
For Tine-man forged by fairy lore, ¹⁶
What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,
Did, self-unscabbarded, fore-show ¹⁷
The footstep of a secret foe.
If courtly spy, and harboured here,
What may we for the Douglas fear?
What for this island, deemed of old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold!
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say?
— Nay, wave not thy disdainful head!
Bethink thee of the discord dread,
That kindled when at Beltane game
Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme;

Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud;
Beware! — But hark, what sounds are these?
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
Still is the canna's ¹⁹ hoary beard,
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard —
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar." —

Far up the lengthened lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four manned and masted barges grew,
And bearing downwards from Glengyle,
Steered full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Brianchoil they passed,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's bannered pine.
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,

And plaids and plumage dance and wave;
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters ¹⁹ down, and sweep
The furrowed bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient highland strain.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.
At first the sound, by distance tame,
Mellowed along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wailed every harsher note away;
Then bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear;
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,

And, hurrying at the signal dread,
The battered earth returns their tread.
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Expressed their merry marching on,
Ere peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled out-cry, shrieks, and blows;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broad-sword upon target jarred;
And groaning pause, ere yet again,
Condensed, the battle yelled amain;
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout,
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan-Alpine's conquest — all were there.
Nor ended thus the strain; but slow,
Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,
And changed the conquering clarion swell,
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and hill
Were busy with their echoes still;
And, when they slept, a vocal strain
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
While loud a hundred clans-men raise

Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.
Each boat-man, bending to his oar,
With measured sweep the burthen bore,
In such wild cadence, as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees.
The chorus first could Allan know,
„Roderigh Vich Alpine, ho! iro!” 20
And near, and nearer as they rowed,
Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

Boat Song

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green
Pine!
Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
„Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blossoming at Beltane, in winter to fade;

When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on
the mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,

Proof to the tempest's shock,

Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;

Menteith and Breadalbane, then,

Echo his praise agen,

„Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,

And Banochar's groans to our slogan replied;

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in
ruin,

And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on
her side ²¹.

Widow and Saxon maid

Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with
woe;

Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
„Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the High-
lands!

Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to
twine!

O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honoured and blessed in their shadow might
grow!

Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepest glen,
„Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”

With all her joyful female band,
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.
Loose on the bréeze their tresses flew,
And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
And chorus wild, the chieftain's name;

While, prompt to please, with mother's art,
The darling passion of his heart,
The Dame called Ellen to the strand,
To greet her kinsman ere he land:

„Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreath a victor's brow?" —
Reluctantly and slow, the maid
The unwelcome summoning obeyed,
And, when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprung: —

„List, Allan-bane! From main-land cast,
I hear my father's signal blast.
Be our's," she cried, „the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain side." —
Then, like a sun-beam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear

From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,
Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Marked she, that fear, (affection's proof,)
Still held a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the chieftain's pride,
Then dashed, with hasty hand, away
From his dimmed eye the gathering spray;
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,

„Can'st thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee: — he recalls the day,
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answered loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshalled crowd,
Though the waned crescent owned my might,
And in my train trooped lord and knight,
Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true,
Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast;
O! it out-beggars all I lost!” —

Delightful praise! — like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
The loved caresses of the maid
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took his favourite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.
And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
Like fabled Goddess of the Wood,
That if a father's partial thought
O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,
Well might the lover's judgment fail
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

Of stature fair, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
The belted plaid and tartan hose

Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue.
Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy;
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,
Out-stripped in speed the mountaineer;
Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind;
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame;
It danced as lightsome in his breast,
As played the feather on his crest.
Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
And bards, who saw his features bold,
When kindled by the tales of old,

Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

Now back they wend their watery way,
And, „O my sire!” did Ellen say,
„Why urge thy chase so far astray?
And why so late returned? And why” —
The rest was in her speaking eye.

„My child, the chase I follow far,
’Tis mimicry of noble war;

And with that gallant pastime reft
Were all of Douglas I have left.

I met young Malcolm as I strayed
Far eastward, in Glenfinlas’ shade,
Nor strayed I safe; for, all around,
Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.

This youth, though still a royal ward,
Risqued life and land to be my guard,

And through the passes of the wood
Guided my steps, not unpursued;

And Roderick shall his welcome make,
Despite old spleen, for Douglas’ sake.

Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
Nor peril aught for me agen." —

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,
Yet, not in action, word, or eye,
Failed aught in hospitality.
In talk and sport they whiled away
The morning of that summer day;
But at high noon a courier light
Held secret parley with the knight,
Whose moody aspect soon declared,
'That evil were the news he heard.
Deep thought seemed toiling in his head;
Yet was the evening banquet made,
Ere he assembled round the flame,
His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,
And Ellen, too; then cast around
His eyes, then fixed them on the ground,
As studying phrase that might avail
Best to convey unpleasant tale.
Long with his dagger's hilt he played,
Then raised his haughty brow, and said:

„Short be my speech; — nor time affords,
Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
Kinsman and father, — if such name
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;
Mine honoured mother; Ellen — why,
My cousin, turn away thine eye? —
And Græme; in whom I hope to know
Full soon a noble friend or foe,
When age shall give thee thy command,
And leading in thy native land, —
List all! — the King's vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,²²
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
To share their monarch's sylvan game,
Themselves in bloody toils were snared,
And when the banquet they prepared,
And wide their loyal portals flung,
O'er their own gate-way struggling hung.
Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,
From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettricke glide,
And from the silver Teviot's side;

The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one sheep-walk waste and wide.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
So faithless, and so ruthless known,
Now hither comes; his end the same,
The same pretext of sylvan game.
What grace for Highland chiefs judge ye,
By fate of Border chivalry.
Yet more; amid Glenfinlas green,
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
This by espial sure I know:
Your counsel in the streight I show." —
Ellen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then turned their ghastly look, each one,
This to her sire, that to her son.
The hasty colour went and came
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme;
But from his glance it well appeared,
'Twas but for Ellen that he feared;
While sorrowful, but undismay'd,
The Douglas thus his counsel said
„Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,

It may but thunder and pass o'er;
Nor will I here remain an hour,
To draw the lightning on thy bower;
For well thou know'st, at this grey head
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy King's command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek, apart,
The refuge of some forest cell;
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor,
The stern pursuit be passed and o'er." —

„No, by mine honour," Roderick said,
„So help me heaven, and my good blade!
No, never! Blasted be yon pine,
My fathers' ancient crest, and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;

To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow;
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
Will bind to us each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
And when I light the nuptial torch,
A thousand villages in flames,
Shall scare the slumbers of King James!
— Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
I meant not all my heat might say. —
Small need of inroad, or of fight,
When the sage Douglas may unite
Each mountain clan in friendly band,
To guard the passes of their land,
Till the foiled King, from pathless glen,
Shall bootless turn him home agen." —

There are who have, at midnight hour,
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
And, on the verge that beetled o'er
The ocean-tide's incessant roar,

Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,
Till wakened by the morning beam;
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such starter cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unintermitted sound,
And thought the battled fence so frail,
It waved like cobweb in the gale; —
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
Headlong to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst his fears foreshow? —
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,
As sudden ruin yawned around,
By crossing terrors wildly tossed,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak — but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,

Where death seemed combating with life;
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rushed the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as wan as clay.

„Roderick, enough! enough!” he cried,

„My daughter cannot be thy bride;

Not that the blush to wooer dear,

Nor paleness that of maiden fear.

It may not be — forgive her, chief,

Nor hazard aught for our relief.

Against his sovereign, Douglas ne’er

Will level a rebellious spear.

’Twas I that taught his youthful hand

To rein a steed and wield a brand;

I see him yet, the princely boy!

Not Ellen more my pride and joy;

I love him still, despite my wrongs,

By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.

O seek the grace you well may find,

Without a cause to mine combined.” —

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode;

The waving of his tartans broad,

And darkened brow, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied,
Seemed by the torch's gloomy light,
Like the ill Dæmon of the night,
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
And, Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
While eyes, that mocked at tears before,
With bitter drops were running o'er,
The death-pangs of long-cherished hope,
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its chequered shroud,
While every sob — so mute were all —
Was heard distinctly through the hall.
The son's despair, the mother's look,
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
She rose, and to her side there came,
To aid her parting steps, — the Græme.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke —
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
So the deep anguish of despair
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid:
„Back, beardless boy!” he sternly said,
„Back, minion! hold'st thou thus at naught
The lesson I so lately taught?
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
Thank thou for punishment delayed.” —
Eager as greyhound on his game,
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.
„Perish my name, if aught afford
Its chieftain safety, save his sword!” —
Thus as they strove, their desperate hand
Griped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been — but Douglas rose,
And thrust between the struggling foes
His giant strength: — „Chieftains, forego!
I hold the first who strikes, my foe. —

Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
What! is the Douglas fallen so far,
His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil
Of such dishonourable broil!" —

Sullen and slowly, they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glared,
Which foot advanced, and blade half bared.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
As faltered through terrific dream.

Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
And veiled his wrath in scornful word.

„Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!"²³

Then mayst thou to James Stuart tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,

Nor lackey, with his free-born clan,
The pageant pomp of earthly man.

More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
'Thou canst our strength and passes show. —

Malise, what ho?" — his hench-man came;²⁴

„Give our safe conduct to the Græme.” —

Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold,

„Fear nothing for thy favourite hold;

The spot, an angel deigned to grace,

Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place.

Thy churlish courtesy for those

Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.

As safe to me the mountain way

At midnight, as in blaze of day,

Though with his boldest at his back,

Even Roderick Dhu beset the track. —

Brave Douglas, — lovely Ellen, — nay,

Nought here of parting will I say.

Earth does not hold a lonesome glen,

So secret, but we meet agen. —

Chieftain! we too shall find an hour.” —

He said, and left the sylvan bower.

Old Allan followed to the strand,

(Such was the Douglas's command,)

And anxious told, how, on the morn,

The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,

The Fiery Cross should circle o'er

Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor.

Much were the peril to the Græme,
From those who to the signal came:
Far up the lake 'twere safest land,
Himself would row him to the strand.
He gave his counsel to the wind,
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
Round dirk and pouch and broad-sword rolled,
His ample plaid in tightened fold,
And stripped his limbs to such array,
As best might suit the watery way.

Then spoke abrupt: „Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity!” —

The minstrel's hand be kindly pressed, —

„O! could I point a place of rest!

My sovereign holds in ward my land,

My uncle leads my vassal band;

To tame his foes, his friends to aid,

Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.

Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,

Who loves the Chieftain of his name,

Not long shall honoured Douglas dwell,

Like hunted stag in mountain cell;

Nor, ere yon pride-swollen robber dare, —

I may not give the rest to air! —
Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to yon mountain side." —
Then plunged he in the flashing tide.
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly steered him from the shore;
And Allan strained his anxious eye,
Far 'mid the lake his form to spy.
Darkening across each puny wave,
To which the moon her silver gave,
Fast as the cormorant could skim,
The swimmer plied each active limb;
Then landing in the moonlight dell,
Loud shouted of his weal to tell.
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
And joyful from the shore withdrew.

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO THIRD.

The Gathering.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of
yore

Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boy-hood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or
sea,

How are they blotted from the things that be!

How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,

Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his
ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering sound,
And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.²⁵

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch-Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water lily to the light

Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begrammed with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The grey mist left the mountain side,
The torrent shewed its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The black-bird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushet dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
With sheathed broad-sword in his hand,
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught
For such Antiquity had taught
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
The Cross of Fire should take its road.

The shrinking band stood oft aghast
At the impatient glance he cast; —
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Ben-venue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

A heap of withered boughs was piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,
Bare-footed, in his frock and hood.
His grisled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, 'seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That Monk, of savage form and face, ²⁶
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest,

But Druid's, from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look.

And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er;

The hallowed creed gave only worse

And deadlier emphasis of curse;

No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,

His cave the pilgrim shunned with care,

The eager huntsman knew his bound,

And in mid chase called off his hound;

Or if, in lonely glen or strath,

The desert-dweller met his path,

He prayed, and signed the cross between,

While terror took devotion's mien.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told. 27

His mother watched a midnight fold,

Built deep within a dreary glen,

Where scattered lay the bones of men,

In some forgotten battle slain,

And bleached by drifting wind and rain.

It might have tamed a warrior's heart,

To view such mockery of his art!
The knot-grass fettered there the hand,
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-fare framed her lowly nest;
There the slow blind-worm left his slime
On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
Still wreathed with chaplet flushed and full,
For heath-bell, with her purple bloom,
Supplied the bonnet and the plume.
All night, in this sad glen, the maid
Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade:
— She said, no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter's hand her snood untied,
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear; ²⁸
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
Her maiden girdle all too short,
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
Or holy church or blessed rite,

But locked her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfessed.

Alone, among his young compeers,
Was Brian from his infant years;
A moody and heart-broken boy,
Estranged from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
On his mysterious lineage flung.
Whole nights he spent by moon-light pale,
To wood and stream his hap to wail,
Till, frantic, he as truth received
What of his birth the crowd believed,
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
In vain, to sooth his wayward fate,
The cloister oped her pitying gate;
In vain, the learning of the age
Unclasped the sable-lettered page;
Even in its treasures he could find
Food for the fever of his mind.
Eager he read whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied

To curious and presumptuous pride,
Till, with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men,

 The desert gave him visions wild, ²⁹
Such as might suit the Spectre's child.
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Beheld the river-dæmon rise;
The mountain mist took form and limb,
Of noontide hag, or goblin grim;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swelled with the voices of the dead;
Far on the future battle-heath
His eye beheld the ranks of death:
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,
Shaped forth a disembodied world.
One lingering sympathy of mind
Still bound him to the mortal kind;
The only parent he could claim
Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.

Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream; ³⁰
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Benharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride;
The thunderbolt had split the pine, —
All augur'd ill to Alpine's line.
He girt his loins, and came to show
The signals of impending woe,
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

'Twas all prepared; — and from the rock,
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
Before the kindling pile was laid,
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
Patient the sickening victim eyed
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim,
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
A slender crosslet formed with care,
A cubit's length in measure due;

The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave ³¹
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
Sooth many a chieftain's endless sleep,
The Cross, thus formed, he held on high,
With wasted hand and haggard eye,
And strange and mingled feelings woke,
While his anathema he spoke.

„Woe the clans-man, who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine's dwelling low!

Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clans-man's execration just

Shall doom him wrath and woe.”
He paused; — the word the Vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook;

And first, in murmur low,
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his mustered force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,

„Woe to the traitor, woe!”
Ben-an’s grey scalp the accents knew,
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle screamed afar, —
They knew the voice of Alpine’s war.

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
The Monk resumed his muttered spell.
Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the Cross with flame;
And the few words that reached the air,
Although the holiest name was there,
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
But when he shook above the crowd
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud: —
„Woe to the wretch, who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!
For, as the flames this symbol sear,
His home, the refuge of his fear,

A kindred fate shall know;
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
And infamy and woe," —

Then rose the cry of females, shrill
As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,
Denouncing misery and ill,
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
Of curses stammered slow;

Answering, with imprecation dread,
„Sunk be his home in embers red!
And cursed be the meanest shed
That e'er shall hide the houseless head,

We doom to want and woe!”
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave!
And the grey pass where birches wave,
On Beala-nam-bo,

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his labouring breath he drew,
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,

And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,
He meditated curse more dread.
And deadlier, on the clans-man's head,
Who, summoned to his Chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobeyed.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,
He quenched among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he reared,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
„When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails too heed!
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth!
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside!” —
He ceased: no echo gave agen
The murmur of the deep Amen.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian's hand the symbol took:

„Speed, Malise, speed!” he said, and gave
Tho crosslet to his hench-man brave.

„The muster-place be Lanric mead —

Instant the time — speed, Malise, speed!” —

Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,

A barge across Loch-Katrine flew;

High stood the hench-man on the prow,

So rapidly the barge-men row,

The bubbles, where they launched the boat,

Were all unbroken and afloat,

Dancing in foam and ripple still,

When it had neared the mainland hill;

And from the silver beach's side

Still was the prow three fathom wide,

When lightly bounded to the land,

The messenger of blood and brand.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied. ^{3 2}

Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste

Thine active sinews never braced.

Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,

Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roe-buck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap;
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed,
Are in thy course — Speed, Malise, speed!

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down.
Nor slaked the messenger his pace;
He shewed the sign, he named the place,

And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamour and surprise behind.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swathe his scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
The falc'ner tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,

Half hidden in the copse so green;
There may'st thou rest, thy labour done,
Their Lord shall speed the signal on. —
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The hench-man shot him down the way.
— What woeful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more,
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place! —
Within the hall, where torches' ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncar on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach ³³ resound.

Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest,
The font, re-appearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Gleet foot on the correi, ^{3 4}
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

See Stumah, ³⁵ who, the bier beside;
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,
Urge the precipitate career,
All stand aghast: — unheeding all,
The hench-man burst into the hall;
Before the dead man's bier he stood,
Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood;
„The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!”

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.

In haste the stripling to his side
His father's dirk and broad-sword tied;
But when he saw his mother's eye
Watch him in speechless agony,
Back to her opened arms he flew,
Pressed on her lips a fond adieu —
„Alas!” she sobbed, — „and yet be gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!” —
One look he cast upon the bier,
Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,
Breathed deep, to clear his labouring breast,
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt, when freed
First he essays his fire and speed,
He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
Suspended was the widow's tear,
While yet his footsteps she could hear;
And when she marked the hench-man's eye
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
„Kinsman,” she said, „his race is run,
That should have sped thine errand on;
The oak has fallen, — the sapling bough

Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.
Yet trust I well, his duty done,
The orphan's God will guard my son. —
And you, in many a danger true,
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
Let babes and women wail the dead." —
Then weapon-clang, and martial call,
Resounded through the funeral hall,
While from the walls the attendant band
Snatched sword and targe, with hurried hand;
And short and flitting energy
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
But faded soon that borrowed force;
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

Benledi saw the Cross of fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire. ³⁶
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
The tear, that gathered in his eye,

He left the mountain breeze to dry;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,
That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reeled his sympathetic eye,
He dashed amid the torrent's roar;
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice — the foam splashed high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
And had he fallen, — forever there,
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!
But still, as if in parting life,
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gained,
And up the chapel path-way strained,
A blithsome rout, that morning tide,
Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.

Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave,
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bonnetted sire and coif-clad dame;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear;
And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay skout their shrilly cry;
And minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step, and bashful hand,
She held the kerchief's snowy band;
The gallant bridegroom, by her side,
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

Who meets them at the church-yard gate? —
The messenger of fear and fate!

Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word;
„The muster-place is Lanrick mead.
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!” —
And must he change so soon the hand,
Just linked to his by holy band,
For the fell Cross of blood and brand?
And must the day, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
O fatal doom! — it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brooks no delay;
Stretch to the race — away! away!

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear

Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.
— What in the racer's bosom stirred?
The sickening pang of hope deferred,
And memory, with a torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience, came
The manly thirst for martial fame;
The stormy joy of mountaineers,
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
And zeal for clan and chieftain burning
And hope, from well-fought field returning,
With war's red honours on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
Like fire from flint he glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

S o n g.

The heath this night must be my bed,

The braken ⁵⁷ curtain for my head,

My lullaby the warder's tread,

Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,

My couch may be my bloody plaid,

My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!

It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now

The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,

I dare not think upon thy vow,

And all it promised me, Mary.

No fond regret must Norman know;

When bursts Clan Alpine on the foe,

His heart must be like bended bow,

His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught!

For, if I fall in battle fought,

Thy hapless lover's dying thought

Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.

And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose.

To my young bride and me, Mary!

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze, ³²
Rushing, in conflagration strong,
The deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
The signal roused to martial coil
The sullen margin of Loch-Voil,
Waked still Loch-Doine, and to the source
Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course;
Thence southward turned its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name;
From the grey sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,

To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height
In Higland dale their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood;
Each trained to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his Chieftain's hand ³⁹
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
To view the frontiers of Menteith.
All backward came with news of truce;
Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,
In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,
No banner waved on Cardross gate,
On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,

Nor scared the herons from Loch-Con;
All seemed at peace. — Now, wot ye why
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scann'd with care? —
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequestered dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung; ⁴⁰
A softer name the Saxons gaye,
And called the grot the Goblin-cave.

It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had staid full many a rock,
Hurled by primæval earthquake shock
From Benvenue's grey summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,

They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern grey.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild cat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there,
Grey Superstition's whisper dread
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,

And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
By moon-light tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repassed the heights of Benvenue.

Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-Bo; ⁴¹

The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,

For cross Loch-Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,

And place his clansmen in array.

Yet lags the Chief in musing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind.

A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord;

The rest their way through thickets break,
And soon await him by the lake.

It was a fair and gallant sight,

To view them from the neighbouring height,
By the low-levelled sun-beam's light;

For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain strand.

 Their Chief, with step reluctant, still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turned apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode.
It was but with that dawning morn
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn,
To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove —
By firm resolve to conquer love!
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost;
For though his haughty heart deny

A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear;
The accents of her voice to hear,
And inly did he curse the breeze
That waked to sound the rustling trees.
But, hark! what mingles in the strain?
It is the harp of Allan-bane,
That wakes its measures slow and high,
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy
What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

Hymn to the Virgin.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer;
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair,
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled —
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share,
Shall seem with down of eider piled,

If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,

Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Stainless styled!

Foul dæmons of the earth and air,

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence fair,

We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconciled;

Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,

And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

Died on the harp the closing hymn —

Unmoved in attitude and limb,

As listening still, Clan-Alpine's lord

Stood leaning on his heavy sword,
Until the page, with humble sign,
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
Then, while his plaid he round him cast,
„It is the last time — 'tis the last,”
He muttered thrice, — „the last time e'er
That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!” —
It was a goading thought — his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain side;
Sullen he flung him in the boat.
And instant cross the lake it shot.
They landed in that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lanrick height,
Where mustered in the vale below,
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

A various scene the clansmen made,
Some sate, some stood, some slowly strayed;
But most, with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground,
Scarce to be known by curious eye,

From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green;
Unless where, here and there, a blade,
Or lance's point, a glimmer made,
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.
But, when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times returned the martial yell.
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claimed her evening reign.

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Prophecy.

„The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from
fears;

The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!”

Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad
wave.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.
All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,
His axe and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,
A wakeful sentinel he stood.
Hark! — on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung.
„Stand, or thou diest! — What, Malise? — soon
Art thou returned from Braes of Doune.
By thy keen step and glance I know,
Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe.” —
(For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
On distant scout had Malise gone.)
„Where sleeps the Chief?” the hench-man said,
„Apart, in yonder misty glade;
To his lone couch I'll be your guide,” —
Then called a slumberer by his side,
And stirred him with his slackened bow —
„Up, up Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
We seek the Chieftain; on the track,
Keep eagle watch till I come back.” —

Together up the pass they sped:

„What of the foeman?” Norman said. —

„Varying reports from near and far;

This certain, — that a band of war

Has for two days been ready boune,

At prompt command, to march from Doune;

King James, the while, with princely powers,

Holds revelry in Stirling towers.

Soon will this dark and gathering cloud

Speak on our glens in thunder loud.

Inured to bide such bitter bout,

The warrior's plaid may bear it out;

But, Norman, how wilt thou provide

A shelter for thy bonny bride?” —

„What! know ye not that Roderick's care

To the lone isle hath caused repair

Each maid and matron of the clan,

And every child and aged man

Unfit for arms? and given his charge,

Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,

Upon these lakes shall float at large,

But all beside the islet moor,

That such dear pledge may rest secure?” —

„’Tis well advised — the Chieftain’s plan
Bespeaks the father of his clan.
But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
Apart from all his followers true?” —
„It is, because last evening-tide
Brian an augury hath tried,
Of that dread kind which must not be
Unlees in dread extremity,
The Taghairm called; by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war. ⁴²
Duncraggan’s milk-white bull they slew.” —

Malise.

„Ah! well the gallant brute I knew,
The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.
His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
His red eye glowed like fiery spark;
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
Sore did he cumber our retreat,
And kept our stoutest kernes in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal ’maha.
But steep and flinty was the road,

And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
And when we came to Dennan's Row,
A child might scatheless stroke his brow." —

N o r m a n.

„That bull was slain: his reeking hide
They stretched the cataract beside,
Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe. ⁴³
Couched on a shelve beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,
The wizard waits prophetic dream,
Nor distant rests the Chief: — but hush!
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
The Hermit gains yon rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands,
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?

Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke, ⁴⁴
His morsel claims with sullen croak?" —
— „Peace! peace! to other than to me,
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or hell,
Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see — and now,
Together they descend the brow." —

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
The Hermit Monk held solemn word:
„Roderick! it is a fearful strife,
For man endowed with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrio'rs lance, —
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd,
The curtain of the future world.
Yet, witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, mine eye-balls dim,

My soul with harrowing anguish torn,
This for my Chieftain have I borne! —
The shapes that sought my fearful couch,
An human tongue may ne'er avouch;
No mortal man, — save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law, —
Had e'er survived to say he saw.
At length the fateful answer came,
In characters of living flame!
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul; —
**WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."**

„Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
Good is thine augury, and fair.
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,
But first our broad-swords tasted blood,
A surer victim still I know,
Self-offered to the auspicious blow:
A spy has sought my land this morn, —
No eye shall witness his return!

My followers guard each pass's mouth,
To east, to westward, and to south;
Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
Has charge to lead his steps aside,
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,
He light on those shall bring him down.

— But see, who comes his news to show!
Malise! what tidings of the foe?" —

„At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive,
Two Barons proud their banners wave.

I saw the Moray's silver star,
And marked the sable pale of Mar." —

„By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
I love to hear of worthy foes,
When move they on?" — „To-morrow's noon
Will see them here for battle bounne," —

„Then shall it see a meeting stern! —
But, for the place — say, couldst thou learn
Nought of the friendly clans of Earn?
Strengthened by them we well might bide
The battle on Benledi's side.

Thou couldst not? — well! Clan-Alpine's men
Shall man the Trosach's shaggy glen;

Within Loch-Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
Each for his hearth and household fire,
Father for child, and son for sire, —
Lover for maid beloved! — but why —
Is it the breeze affects mine eye?
Or dost thou come, ill-omen'd tear!
A messenger of doubt or fear?
No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu;
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe, —
Each to his post! — all know their charge." —
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
The broad-swords gleam, the banners dance,
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.
— I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

Where is the Douglas? — he is gone;
And Ellen sits on the grey stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan;
While vainly Allan's words of cheer

Are poured on her unheeding ear. —
„He will return — Dear lady, trust! —
With joy return; he will — he must.
Well was it time to seek afar,
Some refuge from impending war,
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
Are cow'd by the approaching storm.
I saw their boats, with many a light,
Floating the live-long yesternight,
Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north;
I marked at morn how close they ride,
Thick moored by the lone islet's side,
Like wild ducks couching in the fen,
When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
Since this rude race dare not abide
The peril on the main-land side,
Shall not thy noble father's care
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?" —

Ellen.

„No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind
My wakeful terrors could not blind.

When in such tender tone, yet grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave,
The tear that glistened in his eye
Drowned not his purpose fixed and high.
My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can image his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturbed by slightest stroke,
Reflects the invulnerable rock,
He hears reports of battle rife,
He deems himself the cause of strife,
I saw him redden, when the theme
Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream,
Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
Which I, thou said'st, about him wound.
Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen aught?
Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought
For the kind youth, — for Roderick too —
(Let me be just) that friend so true;
In danger both, and in our cause!
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
Why else that solemn warning given,
— “If not on earth, we meet in heaven?”
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,

If e'er return him not again,
Am I to hie and make me known?
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friends' safety with his own; —
He goes to do — what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!" —

„Nay, lovely Ellen! — dearest, nay!

If aught should his return delay,
He only named yon holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme, —
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name! —
My visioned sight may yet prove true,
Nor bode of ill to him or you.
When did my gifted dream beguile?
Think of the stranger at the isle,
And think upon the harpings slow,
That presaged this approaching woe!
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.
Of such a wond'rous tale I know —

Dear lady, change that look of woe!
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer." —

Ellen.

„Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
But cannot stop the bursting tear." —
The Minstrel tried his simple art,
But distant far was Ellen's heart.

B a l l a d.

Alice Brand. ⁴⁵

Merry it is in the good green wood;
When the mavis and merle are singing, ⁴⁶
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are
in cry,

And the hunter's horn is ringing.

„O Alice Brand, my native land

Is lost for love of you;

And we must hold by wood and wold,

As outlaws wont to do.

„O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,

And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,

That on the night of our luckless flight,

Thy brother bold I slew.

„Now must I teach to hew the beech,
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.”

„And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away.” —

„O Richard! if my brother died,
’Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.”

„If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we’ll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest-green.”

„And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand.” —

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green wood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and the oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin king,
Who won'd within the hill, —
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

„Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moon-light circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chace the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?

Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairie's fatal green?” 47

„Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man; 48
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.”

„Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;

Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die." —

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green wood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is faggots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,

Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
„I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
„That is made with bloody hands." —

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,

That woman void of fear, —
„And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer." —

„Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!

It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand," —

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,

And made the holy sign, —

„And if there's blood on Richard's hand,

A spotless hand is mine.

„And I conjure thee, Dæmon elf,

By Him whom Dæmons fear,

To shew us whence thou art thyself?

And what thine errand here?”

„'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy land,

When fairy birds are singing,

When the court doth ride by their monarch's

side,

With bit and bridle ringing:

„And gaily shines the Fairy land —

But all is glistening show,

Like the idle gleam that December's beam

Can dart on ice and snow.

„And fading, like that varied gleam,

Is our inconstant shape,

Who now like knight and lady seem,

And now like dwarf and ape.

„It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away,
To the joyless Elfin bower,

„But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold,
As fair a form as thine.” —

She crossed him once — she crossed him twice —
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,
When all the bells were ringing!

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle-glance, remembrance claims —
'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then starting, scarce suppressed a scream:
„O stranger! in such hour of fear,
What evil hap has brought thee here?" —
„An evil hap how can it be,
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning tide,
And marshall'd, over bank and bourne,
The happy path of my return." —
The happy path! — what! said he nought
Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?" — „No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe." —
„Oh haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
— Yonder his tartans I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure

That he will guide the stranger sure! —

What prompted thee, unhappy man?

The meanest serf in Roderick's clan

Had not been bribed by love or fear,

Unknown to him, to guide thee here." —

„Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,

Since it is worthy care from thee;

Yet life I hold but idle breath,

When love or honour's weighed with death,

Then let me profit by my change,

And speak my purpose bold at once.

I come to bear thee from a wild,

Where ne'er before such blossom smiled;

By this soft hand to lead thee far

From frantic scenes of feud and war.

Near Bochastle my horses wait;

They bear us soon to Stirling gate.

I'll place thee in a lovely bower,

I'll guard thee like a tender flower," —

„O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art,

To say I do not read thy heart;

Too much, before, my selfish ear

Was idly soothed my praise to hear.

That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;
And how, O how, can I atone
The wreck my vanity brought on! —
One way remains — I'll tell him all —
Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first — my father is a man
Outlawed and exiled, under ban;
The price of blood is on his head,
With me 'twere infamy to wed. —
Still would'st thou speak? — then hear the truth!
Fitz-James, there is a noble youth, —
If yet he is! — exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity —
Thou hast the secret of my heart
Forgive, be generous, and depart." —

Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain,
But here he knew and felt them vain.
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her stedfast speech the lye;

In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom,
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb,
Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,
But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffered to attend her side;
As brother would a sister guide, —
„O! little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
Safer for both we go apart.
O haste thee, and from Allan learn,
If thou may'st trust yon wily kern.” —
With hand upon his forehead laid,
The conflict of his mind to shade,
A parting step or two he made;
Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,
He paused, and turned, and came again.

„Hear, lady, yet, a parting word! —
It chanced in fight that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,

And bade, when I had boon to crave,
To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompence that I would name.
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
But one who lives by lance and sword,
Whose castle is his helm and shield,
His lordship, the embattled field.
What from a prince can I demand,
Who neither reck of state nor land?
Ellen, thy hand — the ring is thine;
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
Seek thou the king without delay;
This signet shall secure thy way;
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me." —
He placed the golden circlet on,
Paused — kissed her hand — and then was gone.
The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
He joined his guide, and wending down
The ridges of the mountain brown,
Across the stream they took their way,
That joins Loch-Katrine to Achray.

All in the Trosach's glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill:
Sudden his guide whooped loud and high —
„Murdoch! was that a signal cry?” —
He stammered forth, — „I shout to scare
Yon raven from his dainty fare.” —
He looked — he knew the raven's prey,
His own brave steed; — „Ah! gallant grey!
For thee — for me perchance — 'twere well
We ne'er had seen the Trosach's dell. —
Murdoch, move first — but silently;
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die.” —
Jealous and sullen on they fared,
Each silent, each upon his guard.

Now wound the path it's dizzy ledge
Around a precipice's edge,
When lo! a wasted Female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tattered weeds and wild array,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her restless eye,
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seemed nought to mark, yet all to spy,

Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers, which the eagles fling
To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.
The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shrieked, till all the rocks replied;
As loud she laughed when near they drew,
For then the lowland garb she knew;
And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept, and then she sung, —
She sung! — the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
And now, though strained and roughened, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

S o n g.

„They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,

They say my brain is warped and wrung —

I cannot sleep on Highland brae,

I cannot pray in Highland tongue.

But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day!

„'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
They bade me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile,
That drowned in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.” —

„Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle grey,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring.” —
„'Tis Blanch of Devan,” Murdoch said,
„A crazed and captive lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick forayed Devan-side.

The gay bride-groom resitsance made,
And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.
I marvel she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge. —
Hence, brain-sick fool!" — He raised his bow: —
„Now, if thou strikest her but one blow,
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
As ever peasant pitched a bar." —
„Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac cried,
And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
„See the grey pennons I prepare,
To seek my true-love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No! — deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and briar in mid air staid,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry." —

„Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!" —
„O! thou look'st kindly, and I will, —
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,

But still it loves the Lincoln green:
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the lowland tongue.

„For O my sweet William was forester true
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trilled the lowland lay!”

It was not that I meant to tell . . .
But thou art wise, and guessest well.” —
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on,
Still on the Clans-man, fearfully,
She fixed her apprehensive eye;
Then turned it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

„The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet.
Hunters live so cheerily.

„It was a stag, a stag of ten, ⁴⁹
Bearing his branches sturdily;

He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

„It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warned him of the toils below,
O so faithfully, faithfully!

„He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed —
Hunters watch so narrowly.” —

Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought.
And Blanche's song conviction brought. —
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
„Disclose thy treachery, or die!” —
Forth at full speed the Clans-man flew,
But in his race his bow he drew.

The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast. —
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife —
The forfeit death — the prize is life!
Thy kindred ambush lies before,
Close couched upon the heathery moor;
Them couldst thou reach! — it may not be —
Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
— Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust:
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
Ere he can win his blade again.
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die;
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

She sate beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;

She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed;
Her wreath of broom and feathers grey,
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.

The Knight to staunch the life-stream tried, —

„Stranger, it is in vain!” she cried.

„This hour of death has given me more
Of reason’s power than years before;

For, as these ebbing veins decay,

My frenzied visions fade away,

A helpless injured wretch I die,

And something tells me in thine eye,

That thou wert mine avenger born. —

Seest thou this tress? — O! still I’ve worn

This little tress of yellow hair,

Through danger, frenzy, and despair!

It once was bright and clear as thine,

But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.

I will not tell thee when ’twas shred,

Nor from what guiltless victim’s head —

My brain would turn! — but it shall wave

Like plumage on thy helmet brave,

Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,

And thou wilt bring it me again. —
I waver still! O God! more bright
Let Reason beam her parting light! —
O! by thy knighthood's honoured sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's clan,
With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong! —
They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell." —

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;
Fast poured his eye at pity's claims,
And now, with mingled grief and ire,
He saw the murdered maid expire,
„God, in my need, be my relief,
As I wreak this on yonder Chief! —
A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet side:

„By Him whose word is truth! I swear,
No other favour will I wear,
Till this sad token I embrue
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!
— But hark! what means yon faint halloo?
The chase is up, — but they shall know,
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe.” —
Barred from the known but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,
And oft must change his desperate track,
By stream and precipice turned back.
Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
From lack of food and loss of strength,
He couched him in a thicket hoar,
And thought his toils and perils o'er: —
„Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic feat must prove the last!
Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd,
That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune? —
Like blood-hounds now they search me out, —

Hark, to the whistle and the shout! —
If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe;
I'll couch me here till evening grey,
Then darkling try my dangerous way." —

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell?
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze, that swept the wold,
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;

Till as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand, —
„Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!” —
„A stranger.” — „What dost thou require?” —
„Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.” —
„Art thou a friend to Roderick?” — „No.” —
„Thou darest not call thyself a foe?” —
„I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand,” —
„Bold words! but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chace may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts, — yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy!” —
„They do, by heaven! — Come Roderick Dhu

And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest." —

„If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight." —

„Then by these tokens may'st thou know,
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe." —

„Enough, enough, sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare." —

— He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer; ⁵¹
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed.

„Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clans-man born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honour spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more, — upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn, —
Thou art with numbers overborne;

It rests with me, here brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, nor for clan, nor kindred's cause;
Will I depart from honour's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword." —
„I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!" —
„Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby." —
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

THE
LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Combat.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side; —
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright
star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the
brow of War.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael ⁵² around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain grey.
A wildering path! they winded now
Along the precipie's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,

Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew, —
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry,
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.

So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

„Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell,” the Saxon said,
„I dreamed not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still,
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied.” —
„Yet why a second venture try?” —
„A warrior thou, and ask me why! —
Moves our free course by such fixed cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away

The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, —
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone." —

„Thy secret keep, I urge thee not; —
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye nought of lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine raised by Mar?" —
„ — No, by my word; — of bands prepared
To guard King James's sport I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung." —
„Free be they flung! for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung! — as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,

Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?" —
„Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart." —

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clans-man's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said, —
„And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What reck'd the Chieftain, if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven." —
„Still was it outrage; — yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,

Held borrowed truncheon of command, ⁵⁵
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined lowland swain
His herds and harvest reased in vain, —
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne." —

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile, —
„Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between: —
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birth-right of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell

Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply, —
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest." —
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the pray?
Aye, by my soul! — While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze, —
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold,
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu." —

Answered Fitz-James, — „And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path way-laid,
My life given o'er to ambuscade?" —
„As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid, —
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfill an augury." —
„Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow,
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,

Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band." —

„Have, then, thy wish!" — he whistled
shrill,

And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.

Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;

On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;

From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,

The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,

And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife,

That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,

As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.

Watching their leader's beck and will,

All silent there they stood and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James — „How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!” —

Fitz-James was brave: — Though to his
heart

The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before: —
„Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From ist firm base as soon as I.” —
Sir Roderick marked — and in his eyes

Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood — then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osier pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air,
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

Fitz-James looked round — yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem

Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
„Fear nought — nay, that I need not say —
But — doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest; — I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clans-man's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; — I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this pass you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.” — 54
They moved: — I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome path-way through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that to take his life

Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonoured and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broad-sword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.

Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush, nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd. 55
And here his course the Chieftain staid,

Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said: —
„Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.” —

The Saxon paused: — „I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved: —
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?” — „No, Stranger, none!

And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
„Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.” —
„Then, by my word,” the Saxon said,
„The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, —
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land.” —

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye —
„Soars thy presumption then so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,

Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate: —
My clans-man's blood demands revenge. —
Not yet prepared? — By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair." —
— „I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, be gone! —
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shewn;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clans-men stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast,
But fear not — doubt not which thou wilt —
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt." —

Then each at once his faulchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw, ⁵⁶
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing floods the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,

Against the winter shower is proof,
'The foe invulnerable still
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

„Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!" —
„Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die." —
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at FitzJames's throat he sprung,
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round. —
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel! —
They tug, they strain! — down, down, they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.

The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright! —
— But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeemed, unhop'd, from desperate strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appeared his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid, —

„Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid:
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that Faith and Valour give.” —
With that he blew a bugle-note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonnetted, and by the wave
Sate down his brow and hands to lave.
Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosened rein, a saddled steed;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse, —
With wonder view'd the bloody spot —
— „Exclaim not, gallants! question not. —
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight;
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,

To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.

The sun rides high; — I must be bounē

To see the archer-game at noon;

But lightly Bayard clears the lea, —

De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

„Stand, Bayard, stand!” — the steed obeyed,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye, and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.

No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,

No grasp upon the saddle laid,

But wreathed his left hand in the mane,

And lightly bounded from the plain,

Turned on the horse his armed heel,

And stirred his courage with the steel.

Bounded the fiery steed in air,

The rider sate erect and fair,

Then, like a bolt from steel cross-bow

Forth launched, along the plain they go.

They dashed that rapid torrent through,

And up Carhonie's hill they flew;

Still at the gallop pricked the Knight,

His merry-men followed as they might.

Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With splash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career looked down,

As up the flinty path they strained,
Sudden his steed the leader reined;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung: —

„Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman grey,
Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?” —

„No, by my word; — a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A Baron's train would nobly grace.” —

„Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye?

Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;

Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green,

'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!
The uncle of the banished Earl,

Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe:

The King must stand upon his guard;
Douglas and he must meet prepared.” —

Then right hand wheeled their steeds, and strait
They won the castle's postern gate.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Gambus-Kenneth's abbey grey,
Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself: —
„Yes! all is true my fears could frame:
A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate, —
God grant the ransom come not late!
The Abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of Heaven; —
— Be pardoned one repining tear!
For He, who gave her, knows how dear,
How excellent — but that is by,
And now my business is to die.
— Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled, ⁵⁷
And thou, O sad and fatal mound! ⁵⁸
That oft has heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headman's bloody hand, —
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb

Prepare, — for Douglas seeks his doom!
— But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?
And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what masquers meet!
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burghers hold their sports to-day. ⁵⁹
James will be there; — he loves such show,
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize; — King James shall mark,
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft, in happier days,
His boyish wonder loved to praise." —

The Castle gates were open flung,
The quivering draw-bridge rocked and rung,
And echoed loud the flinty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,

As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza,
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddle bow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain, —
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,
„Long live the Commons' King, King James!”
Behind the King thronged peer and knight,
And noble dame and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill-brooked the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
— But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow and visage stern;
There nobles mourned their pride restrained,

And the mean burgher's joys disdained;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banished man,
'There thought upon their own grey tower,
Their waving woods, their feudal power,
And deemed themselves a shameful part
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
Their chequered bands the joyous route.
There morricers, with bell at heel,
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel,
But chief, beside the butts, there stand
Bold Robin Hood and all his band, 60 —
Friar Tuck with quarter-staff and cowl,
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
Their bugles challenge all that will,
In archery to prove their skill.
The Douglas bent a bow of might, —
His first shaft centered in the white.
And when in turn he shot again,

His second split the first in twain.
From the King's hand must Douglas take
A silver dart, the archer's stake;
Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
Some answering glance of sympathy, —
No kind emotion made reply!
Indifferent as to archer wight,
The Monarch gave the arrow bright. ⁶¹

Now, clear the Ring! for hand to hand,
The manly wrestlers take their stand.
Two o'er the rest superior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes,
Nor called in vain; for Douglas came.
— For life is Hugh of Larbert lame,
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bear.
Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a golden ring, ⁶²
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
As frozen drop of wintry dew.
Douglas would speak, but in his breast
His struggling soul his words suppress'd:
Idignant then he turned him where

Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
To hurl the massive bar in air.
When each his utmost strength had shewn,
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky,
A rood beyond the farthest mark; —
And still in Stirling's royal park,
The grey-haired sires, who know the past,
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,
And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang;
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
A purse well filled with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
And sharper glance, the dark grey man;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,

Must to the Douglas blood belong :
The old men mark'd, and shook the head,
To see his hair with silver spread,
And winked aside, and told each son
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land.
The women praised his stately form,
Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm ;
The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing Nature's law.
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till murmur rose to clamours loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King,
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or called the banished man to mind ;
No, not from those who, at the chase,
Once held his side the honoured place,
Begirt his board, and, in the field,
Found safety underneath his shield ;
For he, whom royal eyes disown,
When was his form to courtiers known?

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favourite grey-hounds should pull down,
That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra, — whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North, —
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth,
She left the royal hounds mid-way,
And, dashing on the antler'd prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and, with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.
— The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,

To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck,
In maiden glee, with garlands deck;
They were such play-mates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darkened brow and flashing eye; —
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntletted in glove of steel.

Then clamoured loud the royal train,
And brandished swords and staves amain.
But stern the Baron's warning — „Back!
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the Douglas. — Yes! behold,
King James, the Douglas, doomed of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends.” —

— „Thus is my clemency repaid?
Presumptuous Lord!” the Monarch said;
„Of thy mis-proud-ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know:
But shall a Monarch’s presence brook
Injurious blow, and haughty look? —
What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
Give the offender fitting ward. —
Break off the sports!” — for tumult rose,
And yeomen ’gan to bend their bows, —
„Break off the sports!” — he said, and frowned,
„And bid our horsemen clear the ground.” —

Then uproar wild and misarray
Marr’d the fair form of festal day.
The horsemen pricked among the crowd,
Repelled by threats and insult loud;
To earth are borne the old and weak,
The timorous fly’ the women shriek;
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The hardier urge tumultuous war,

At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the path-way steep;
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disordered roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said, —
„Sir John of Hyndford! 'twas my blade,
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me then
A word with these misguided men. —
„Hear, gentle friends! ere yet, for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honour, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those chords of love I should unbind,

Which knit my country and my kind?
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not sooth my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread;
For me in kindred gore are red;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son;
For me, that widow's mate expires,
For me, that orphans weep their sires,
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!" —

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,

Triumphant over wrong and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire:
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs, resigned his honoured charge.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
“O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool?
„Hear'st thou,” he said, „the loud acclaim,
With which they shout the Douglas name?
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
Strained for King James their morning note;
With like acclaim they hailed the day
When first I broke the Douglas sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,

Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy king! —

„But soft! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
I guess his cognizance afar —
What from our cousin, John of Mar?” —
„He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
Within the safe and guarded ground:
For some foul purpose yet unknown, —
Most sure for evil to the throne, —
The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summoned his rebellious crew;
'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
These loose banditti stand arrayed.
The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
To break their muster marched, and soon
Your grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,

Till for such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride.” —

„Thou warn’st me I have done amiss, —
I should have earlier looked to this:
I lost it in this bustling day.
— Retrace with speed thy former way:
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy meed.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war;
Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
Was made our prisoner by a knight,
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom’s laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
For their Chief’s crimes, a venging steel.
Bear Mar our message, Braco fly.” —
He turned his steed, — „My liege, I hie,
Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
I fear the broad-swords will be drawn.” —

The turf the flying courser spurned,
And to his towers the King returned.

Ill with King James's mood that day,
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;
Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song,
Nor less upon the saddened town
The evening sunk in sorrow down;
The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of rumoured feuds and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms: — the Douglas too,
They mourned him pent within the hold
„Where stout Earl William was of old,” ⁶³ —
And there his word the speaker staid,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade.
But jaded horsemen, from the west,
At evening to the Castle pressed;
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumour shook the town,
Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

THE
L A D Y O F T H E L A K E.

C A N T O S I X T H.

The Guard : Room.

The sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance ;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den ;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse
of men.

What various scenes, and, O! what scenes of
woe,

Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam !

The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds it stream;
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and
jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting
dream,
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his
feeble wail.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,
While drums, with rolling note, foretell
Relief to weary centinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barr'd,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And, struggling with the smoky air,
Deaden'd the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blackened stone,
And showed wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deformed with beard and scar,

All haggard from the midnight watch,
And fevered with the stern debauch;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,
Showed in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
Some laboured still their thirst to quench;
Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
While round them, or beside them flung,
At every step their harness rung.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord, ⁶⁴
Nor owned the patriarchal claim
Of Chieftain in their leader's name;
Adventurers they, from far who roved,
To live by battle which they loved.
There the Italian's clouded face,
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;
The mountain-loving Switzer there
More freely breathed in mountain-air;
The Fleming there despised the soil,

That paid so ill the labourer's toil;
Their rolls shewed French and German name;
And merry England's exiles came,
To share, with ill-concealed disdain,
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well trained to wield
The heavy halbert, brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage, fierce and uncontrouled;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

They held debate of bloody fray,
Fought 'twixt Loch-Katrine and Achray,
Fierce was their speech, and, mid their words,
Their hands oft grappled to their swords,
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard; —
Sad burden to the ruffian joke,

And savage oath by fury spoke! —
At length up-started John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In host a hardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew,
When deed of danger was to do.
He grieved, that day their games cut short,
And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport,
And shouted loud, „Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I troll,
Let each the buxom chorus bear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear.” —

Soldier's Song.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown
bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly
black jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flaggon of
sack;

Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees ^{o's} out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says, that Belzebub lurks in her kerchief so
sly,

And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black
eye;

Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the
vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches — and why should
he not?

For the dues of his cure are the placket and
pot;

And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good mother
Church.

Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Majorie's the word, and a fig for the
vicar!

The warder's challenge, heard without,
Staid in mid-roar the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went, —
„Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And, beat for jubilee the drum!
A maid and minstrel with him come.” —
Bertram, a Flemming, grey and scarr'd,
Was entering now the Court of Guard,
A harper with him, and, in plaid
All muffled close, a mountain maid,
Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
„What news?” they roared: — „I only know,
From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as untameable,
As the rude mountains where they dwell.
On both sides store of blood is lost,
Nor much success can either boast.” —
„But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil
As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp,

Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band.” 66

„No, comrade ; — no such fortune mine.
After the fight, these sought our line,
That aged harper and the girl,
And, having audience of the Earl,
Mar bade I should purvey them steed,
And bring them hitherward with speed.
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
For none shall do them shame or harm.” —
„Hear ye his boast!” cried John of Brent,
Ever to strife and jangling bent, —
„Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
And yet the jealous niggard grudge
To pay the forester his fee!
I'll have my share howe'er it be,
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee.” —
Bertram his forward step withstood;
And, burning in his vengeful mood,
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,
And dropp'd at once the tartan screen; —

So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May, through summer tears.
'The savage soldiery, amazed,
As on descended angel gazed;
Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

Boldly she spoke, — „Soldiers attend!
My father was the Soldier's friend;
Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bled.
Not from the valiant, or the strong,
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong.” —
Answered De Brent, most forward still
In every feat or good or ill, —
„I shame me of the part I played;
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
An outlaw I by Forest laws,
And merry Needwood knows the cause,
Poor Rose, — if Rose be living now,” —
He wiped his iron eye and brow,
„Must bear such age, I think, as thou, —
Hear ye, my mates; — I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall:

There lies my halbert on the floor;
And he that steps my halbert o'er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart! —
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough:
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough." —

Their Captain came, a gallant young, —
(Of Tullibardine's house he sprung,)
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
Gay was his mien, his humour light,
And, though by courtesy controuled,
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
The high-born maiden ill could brook
The scanning of his curious look
And dauntless eye; — and, yet, in sooth,
Young Lewis was a generous youth;
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
Ill-suited to the garb and scene,
Might lightly bear construction strange,
And give loose fancy scope to range.
— „Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid;
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,

Like arrant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire?" —
Her dark eye flashed; she paused and sighed, —
„O what have I to do with pride! —
— Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King.
Behold; to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James." —

The signet ring young Lewis took,
With deep respect and altered look;
And said, — „This ring our duties own;
And, pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean obscurely veiled,
Lady, in aught my folly failed.
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour;
Female attendance shall obey
Your hest, for service or array.

Permit I marshal you the way." —

But, ere she followed, with the grace

And open bounty of her race,

She bade her slender purse be shared

Among the soldiers of the guard.

The rest with thanks their guerdon took;

But Brent, with shy and awkward look,

On the reluctant maiden's hold

Forced bluntly back the proffered gold; —

„Forgive a haughty English heart,

And O forget its ruder part!

The vacant purse shall be my share,

Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,

Perchance, in jeopardy of war,

Where gayer crests may keep afar." —

With thanks, — 'twas all she could, — the
maid

His rugged courtesy repaid.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,

Allan made suit to John ot Brent: —

„My lady safe, O let your grace

Give me to see my master's face!

His minstrel I, — to share his doom

Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires
Waked for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own.
With the Chief's birth begins our care;
Our harp must sooth the infant heir,
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field or chase;
In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
We cheer his board, we sooth his sleep,
Nor leave him till we pour our verse,
A doleful tribute! o'er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot;
It is my right — deny it not!" —
„Little we reck," said John of Brent,
„We Southern men, of long descent;
Nor wot we how a name — a word —
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord:
Yet kind my noble landlord's part, —
God bless the house of Beaudesert!
And, but I loved to drive the deer,
More than to guide the labouring steer,

I had not dwelt an outcast here. —
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see.” —

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they passed, where deep within,
Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din;
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,
And many an hideous engine grim,
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,
By artists formed, who deemed it shame
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-browed porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward rolled,
And made the bar unhasp its hold.
They entered: — 'twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,

And rude and antique garniture
Decked the sad walls and oaken floor;
Such as the rugged days of old,
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.

„Here,” said De Brent, „thou may'st remain
Till the Leach visit him again.

Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well.” —

Retiring then the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs growl'd anew.

Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A Captive feebly raised his head;

The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!

For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,

Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand, —

So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu!
And oft his fevered limbs he threw

In toss abrupt, as when her sides

Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat; —
O! how unlike her course on sea!
Or his free step on hill and lea! —
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
— „What of thy lady? of my clan? —
My mother? — Douglas? — tell me all!
Have they been ruined in my fall?
Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here!
Yet speak, — speak boldly, — do not fear.” —
(For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was choked with grief and terror too.) —
„Who fought — who fled! — Old man, be brief; —
Some might — for they had lost their Chief.
Who basely live? — who bravely died?” —
„O, calm thee, Chief!” the Minstrel cried,
„Ellen is safe;” — „For that, thanks heaven!”
„And hopes are for the Douglas given; —
The Lady Margaret too is well,
And, for thy clan, — on field or fell,
Has never harp of minstrel told,
Of combat fought so true and bold.

Thy stately pine is yet unbent,
Though many a goodly bough is rent.” —

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
And fever’s fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Chequered his swarthy brow and cheeks.
— „Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold on festal day,
In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne’er
Shall harper play, or warrior hear! . . .
That stirring air that peals on high,
O’er Dermid’s race our victory. —
Strike it! — and then, (for well thou canst,)
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might.
I’ll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soared from battle-fray.” —
The trembling bard with awe obeyed, —

Slow on the harp his hand he laid ;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witnessed from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night,
Awakened the full power of song,
And bore him in career along ; —
As shallop launched on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

Battle of Beal' an Duine. 67

„The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Ben-venue,
For, ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch-Achray —
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand ! —

There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyrie nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake ;
The small birds will not sing aloud,

The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,

Benledi's distant hill,
Is it the thunder's solemn sound

That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground

The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance

That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance

The sun's retiring beams?

— I see the dagger-crest of Mar,

I see the Moray's silver star,

Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,

That up the lake comes winding far!

To hero boune for battle-strife,

Or bard of martial lay,

'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,

One glance at their array!

„Their light-armed archers far and near

Surveyed the tangled ground,

Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barded horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crest to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road,
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves, like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws;

And here the horse and spear-men pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

„At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,

The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply —
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids, and bonnets waving high,
And broad-swords flashing to the sky,

Are maddening in their rear,
Onward they drive, in dreadful race.

Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,

The spearmen's twilight wood?
— ‘Down, down,’ cried Mar, ‘your lances down!

Bear back both friend and foe!’
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,

That serried grove of lances brown

At once lay levell'd low;

And closely shouldering side to side,

The bristling ranks the onset bide. —

— 'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,

As their Tinchel⁶⁸ cows the game!

They come as fleet as forest deer,

We'll drive them back as tame.' —

„Bearing before them, in their course,

The relics of the archer force,

Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,

Right onward did Clan-Alpine come,

Above the tide, each broad-sword bright

Was brandishing like beam of light,

Each targe was dark below;

And with the ocean's mighty swing,

When heaving to the tempest's wing,

They hurled them on the foe.

I heard the lance's shivering crash,

As when the whirl-wind rends the ash;

I heard the broad-swords deadly clang,

As if an hundred anvils rang!

But Moray wheeled his rear-ward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank, —

— 'My banner-man, advance!

I see,' he cried, 'their column shake, —

Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,

Upon them with the lance!' —

The horsemen dashed among the route,

As deer break through the broom;

Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,

They soon make lightsome room.

Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne —

Where, where, was Roderick then!

One blast upon his bugle-horn

Were worth a thousand men.

And reflux through the pass of fear

The battle's tide was pour'd;

Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,

Vanished the mountain sword.

As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,

Receives her roaring linn,

As the dark caverns of the deep

Suck the wild whirlpool in,

So did the deep and darksome pass

Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

„Now westward roll's the battle's din,
That deep and doubling pass within.
— Minstrel, away! the work of fate
Is bearing on: its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosach's dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle. —
Grey Benvenue I soon repassed,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath me cast.

The sun is set; the clouds are met,

The lowering scowl of heaven

An inky hue of livid blue

To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen,
I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosach's gorge,
Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
Which like an earth-quake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,

Seeming, to minstrel-ear to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.

Nearer it comes — the dim-wood glen

The martial flood disgorged agen,

But not in mingled tide;

The plaided warriors of the North

High on the mountain thunder forth,

And overhang its side;

While by the lake below appears

The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears,

At weary bay each shattered band,

Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand;

Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,

That flings its fragments to the gale,

And broken arms and disarray

Marked the fell havock of the day.

„Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,

The Saxons stood in sullen trance,

Till Moray pointed with his lance,

And cried — ‘Behold yon isle! —

See! none are left to guard its strand,

But women weak, that wring the hand:

'Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile; —
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.' —
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corslet rung,

He plunged him in the wave: —
All saw the deed — the purpose knew,
And to their clamours Benvenue

A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.

'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven;
A whirlwind swept Loch-Katrine's breast,
Her billows reared their snowy crest,
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him showered, 'mid rain and hail,

Seeming, to minstrel-ear to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.

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Her billows reared their snowy crest,
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him showered, 'mid rain and hail,

The vengeful arrows of the Gael. —
In vain. — He nears the isle — and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
— Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame; —
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand: —
It darkened, — but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan; —
Another flash! — the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern Matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

„Revenge! revenge!” the Saxons cried,
The Gael's exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side

Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the monarch's name, afar
An herald's voice forebade the war,
For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold."
— But here the lay made sudden stand,
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand! —
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy :
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time ;
That motion ceased, — yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song ;
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear ;
His face grows sharp, his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched ;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy ; —
Thus, motionless; and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu! —
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit passed;

But when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o'er the dead,

Lament.

„And art thou cold, and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan Alpine's shade!
For thee shall none a requiem say?
— For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honoured pine!

„What groans shall yonder vallies fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine. —
O woe for Alpine's honoured pine!

„Sad was thy lot on mortal stage! —
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prisoned eagle dies for rage,
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honoured pine.” —

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,
Remained in lordly bower apart,
Where played, with many-coloured gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams,
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lighten'd up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain,
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
Or, if she looked, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawned the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high

The dun deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
Her station claimed with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betrayed. —
Those who such simple joys have known
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head!
The window seeks with cautious tread.
What distant music has the power
To win her in this woeful hour!
'Twas from a turret that o'er-hung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

Lay of the imprisoned Huntsman.

„My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle grey-hound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.

I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and blood-hound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sun-beams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

„No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee, —
That life is lost to love and me!” —

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turned her head,

It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear,
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near.
She turned the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain,
„O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
„How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt" — „O say not so!
'To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lead his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come! — 'tis more than time,
He holds his court at morning prime." —
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung.
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half staid,
Through gallery fair and high arcade,

Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And, from their tissue, fancy frames
Aerial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought, who owned this state,
The dreaded prince whose will was fate! —
She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed, —
Then turned bewildered and amazed,
For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent;

Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring, —
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King! 69

As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choaking voice commands, —
She showed the ring, — she clasped her hands,
O! not a moment could he brook,
The generous prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her, — and, the while,
Checked with a glance the circle's smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
And bade her terrors be dismissed: —

„Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.

To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.

Ask nought for Douglas; — yester even,
His prince and he have much forgiven:
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,

I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We would not to the vulgar crowd
Yield what they craved with clamour loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided, and our laws.
I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,
With stout De Vaux and grey Glencairn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our Throne. —
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid." —

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power, —
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepp'd between — „Nay, Douglas, nay,

Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed. —
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,
'Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils, for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims, 70
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause." —
Then, in a tone apart and low,
— „Ah, little trait'ress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!" —
Aloud he spoke — „Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring —
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?" —

Full well the conscious maiden guessed,
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But, with that consciousness, there came
A lightening of her fears for Græme,
And more she deemed the monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Rebellious broad-sword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu. —
„Forbear thy suit: — the King of Kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand; —
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live! —
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?" —
Blushing, she turned her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wished her sire to speak
The suit that stained her glowing cheek. —
„Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.

Malcolm, come forth!" — And, at the word,
Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland's Lord.
„For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name. —
Fetters and warder for the Græme!" —
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow
dark,

On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her
spark,

The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.

Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain leuding,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,

With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!

Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long
way,

Through secret woes the world has never
known,

When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.

That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine
own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,

Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!

'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,

'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.

Receding now, the dying numbers ring

Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,

And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring

A wandering witch-note of the distant spell —

And now, 'tis silent all! — Enchantress, fare
thee well!

VERSES WRITTEN IN A CRUICIAN
IN A WOOD ON THE RIVER IN THE BIRCH
PART OF DEVONSHIRE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

And now I stand on life's long

And now I stand on life's long

And now I stand on life's long

And now I stand on life's long

And now I stand on life's long

And now I stand on life's long

And now I stand on life's long

And now I stand on life's long

And now I stand on life's long

And now I stand on life's long

And now I stand on life's long

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VERSES WRITTEN IN A GROTTTO,
IN A WOOD ON THE SIDE OF THE RIVER
DART IN DEVONSHIRE.

Tell me thou grotto! over whose brow are seen
Projecting plumes, and shades of deepening
green —
While not a sound disturbs thy stony hall,
While all thy dewy drops forget to fall, —
Why canst thou not thy soothing charms impart,
And shed thy quiet o'er this beating heart?
Tell me thou richly-painted river! tell,
That on thy mirror'd plane dost mimic well
Each pendent tree and every distant hill,
Tipp'd with red lustre, beauteous, bright, and
still, —
Can I not, gazing on thy tranquil tide,
Shed ev'ry grief upon thy rocky side?
Or must I rove thy margin, calm and clear,
The only agitated object near?
Oh! tell me, too, thou babbling cold cascade!
Whose waters, falling through successive shade,

Unspangled by the brightness of the sky,
Awake each echo to a soft reply, —
Say, canst thou not my bosom-grief befriend,
And bid one drop upon my heart descend?
When all thy songsters sooth themselves to sleep,
Ah! must these aching eyes for ever weep?
And must their frequent waters, like thine own,
Drop, idly drop, on unimpressive stone?
Or, when my beauteous fair shall deign to grace
The humid foliage of thy mossy base,
Canst thou not tell how many a rock below
Impedes to kiss thy waters as they flow?
In her mind canst thou not the feeling rear
To stop, or thus caress, each genuine tear?
'Teach her, oh! teach her, then, thou cold cascade!
Pour all thy lessons for the lovely maid!
And thou, bless'd grotto! let thy silence prove
Her mute consenting answer to my love!
And thou, bright river! as thou roll'st along,
Bear on thy wand'ring wave a lover's song!
Strong as thy current, as thy waters pure
Teach her to feel the passion I endure!

REBECCA A BALLAD.

Rebecca was the fairest maid
That on the Danube's borders play'd;
And many a handsome nobleman
For her in tilt and tourney ran;
While fair Rebecca wish'd to see
What youth her husband was to be.

Rebecca heard the gossips say,
„Alone from dusk till midnight stay
Within the church-porch drear and dark,
Upon the vigil of Saint Mark,
And, lovely maiden! you shall see
What youth your husband is to be.”

Rebecca, when the night grew dark,
Upon the vigil of Saint Mark,
(Observ'd by Paul, a roguish scout,
Who guess'd the task she went about,)
Stepp'd to St. Stephen's church to see
What youth her husband was to be.

Rebecca heard the screech-owl cry,
And saw the black bat round her fly;
She sat', till, wild with fear, at last

Her blood ran cold her pulse beat fast;
And yet, rash maid! she stopp'd to see
What youth her husband was to be.

Rebecca heard the midnight chime
Ring out the yawning peal of time,
When shrouded Paul, unlucky Knave!
Rose like a spectre from the grave;
And cried, „Fair maiden, come with me,
For I your bridegroom am to be.”

Rebecca turn'd her head aside,
Sent forth a hideous shriek, and died!
While Paul confess'd himself, in vain,
Rebecca never spoke again!
Ah! little, hapless maid! did she
Think Death her bridegroom was to be.

Rebecca! may thy story long
Instruct the giddy and the young.
Fright not, fond youths! the timid fair;
And you too, gentle maids! beware;
Nor seek by lawless art to see
What youths your husbands are to be.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A DEAR
BROTHER, W. T. P. CARR ESQ.

— manibus date lilia plenis:

Purpureos spargam flores.

Virg. Aeneid. lib. VI.

Though no funereal grandeur swell my song,
Nor genius, eagle-plum'd, the strain prolong, —
Though grief and nature here alone combine
To weep, my William! o'er a fate like thine, —
Yet thy fond pray'r still ling'ring on my ear,
Shall force its way thro' many a gushing tear:
The Muse, that saw thy opening beauties spread,
That loved thee living, shall lament thee dead!
Ye graceful Virtues! while the note I breathe,
Of sweetest flow'rs entwine a fun'ral wreath, —
Of virgin flow'rs, and place them round his
tomb,

To bud, like him, and perish in their bloom!

Ah! when these eyes saw thee serenely wait

The last long separating stroke of fate, —
When round thy bed a kindred weeping train
Call'd on thy voice to greet them, but in vain, —
When o'er thy lips we watch'd thy faul'tring
breath —

When louder grief proclaim'd th'approach of
death, —

Through ev'ry vein an icy horror chill'd,
Colder than marble ev'ry bosom thrill'd.
Unsettled still, tho' exercis'd to grieve,
Scarce would my mind the alter'd sight believe;
Familiar scenes a transient calm inspire,
Poor flutt'ring Fancy fann'd the vain desire,
'Till with sad proof thy wasted relics rise,
And restless Nature pours uncall'd-for sighs.
Ah! long, my William! shall thy picture rest,
'Time shall not wear it, imag'd in my breast;
Yes, thou shalt live while fond remembrance
lives,
Till he who mourns thee asks the line he gives.
No common joy, no fugitive delight,
Regret like this could in my breast excite;
For then my sorrow had been less severe,

And tears less copious had bedew'd the bier.
From the same breast our milky food we drew,
Entwin'd affection strenghten'd as we grew;
Why further trace? The flattering dream is
o'er, —
Thy transient joys and sorrows are no more!
All, all are fled! — And, ah! where'er I turn,
Insulting Death directs me to thy urn,
Throws his cold shadows round me while I
sing,
Damps ev'ry nerve and slackens ev'ry string.
So, when the Moon trims up her waning fire,
Sweep the night-breezes o'er th' Aeolian lyre;
Ling'ring perchance, some wild pathetic sound
Lulls the lorn ear, and dies along the ground.
Ye kindred train! who o'er the parting grave,
Have mourn'd the virtues which ye could not
save,
Ye know how Mem'ry with excursive pow'r,
Extracts a sweet from ev'ry faded hour; —
From scenes long past, regardless of repose,
She feeds her tears, and treasures up her woes.
Thou tuneful, mute companion of my care! 71

Where now thy notes, that linger'd in the air?
That linger still! — Vain thy harmonious
store, —
Thy sweet persuasive triumphs are no more.
Thy mournful image strikes my wand'ring eye,
Sad, near thy silent strings, I sit and sigh,
Cold is that hand which Music form'd her own,
When ev'ry chord resign'd its sweetest tone,
Ah! long, fair source of rapture, shalt thou rest,
Silent and sad, neglected and unprest,
'Till tears, lov'd shade! superior pow'rs resign,
Or raise one note more eloquent than thine.
Tho' with'ring Sickness mark'd thee in the
womb,
And form'd thy cradle but to form thy tomb,
Yet, like a flow'r, she bade thee reach thy
prime,
The fairer victim for the stroke of Time
When fond Invention vainly sought thine ease,
The wave salubrious and the morning breeze, —
When even Sleep, sweet Sleep! refused thy call,
Sleep! that with sweet refreshment smiles on
all, —

When, till the morn, thine eyes, unclos'd and
damp,

Trac'd thy sad semblance in the glimm'ring
lamp, —

When from thy face Health's last relic fled,

Where Hope might flatter, with reluctant tread, —

Still, darting forward from the weight of woe,

Thy soul with all its energy would glow;

Still with the purest passion wouldst thou prove

The glow of friendship and the warmth of love.

And ah! to sacred Memory ever nigh,

Thy wit and humour claim the passing sigh

When thro' the hour, with unresisted skill,

I've seen thee mould each feature to thy will

When friends drew round thee with attentive ear,

Pleas'd with the rail'ry which they could not fear.

Oh! how I've heard thee, with concealing art,

Join in the song, tho' sorrow rent thy heart;

How have I seen thee too, with venial guile,

O'er many an anguish force the faithless smile, —

Seen suffering Nature check each sigh, each fear,

To rob maternal fondness of a tear!

Alas ! those scenes are past! — Vain was the
pray'r

That ask'd of Fate to soften and to spare;
Ah! vain, if wit and virtue could not save
Thy youthful honours from an early grave.
But yet, if here my warm fraternal love
May claim alliance with the realms above,
If kindred Nature, with perpetual bloom,
Transplanted springs, and lives beyond the tomb;
Thy pitying soul shall smile upon my grief,
Shall feel a pang that wishes not relief;
In visions still shall shield me as I go,
Along this gloomy wilderness of woe;
Shall still regard me with peculiar pride,
On earth my brother, and in heav'n my guide!
Methinks I see thee reach th'empyrean shore,
And heav'n's full chorus hails one angel more;
While, 'mid the seraph-forms that round thee fly,
Thy father meets thee with ecstatic eye!
He springs exulting from his throne of rest,
Extends his arms, and clasps thee to his breast.

ON A WITHERED LEAF,
BLOWN INTO THE BOSOM OF THE AUTHOR.

Pale withered wand'rer, seek not here
A refuge from the boist'rous sky:
This breast affords no happier Meere
Than the rude blighting blast you fly.

Cold is the atmosphere of grief,
When storms assail the heaving breast;
Go then, poor exile, seek relief
In bosoms where the heart has rest.

Or fall upon th' oblivious ground,
Where silent sorrows buried lie:
There rest is surely to be found,
Or what, alas! to hope have I?

Where sepulchred in peace, repose
In yonder field the village-dead,
Go, seek a shelter among those
Who all their mortal tears have shed.

But if thou com'st a Sibyl's leaf,
Such as did erst high truths declare
To tell me — soon shall end thy grief;
I bless the omen that you bear.

For, sure thou tell'st me that my woe
An end like thine at length shall have,
That, worn like thee, and wasted so,
I sink into the peaceful grave.

Then come, thou Messenger of peace!
Come lodge within this troubled breast,
And lie there — till we both shall cease
To seek in vain for nature's rest.

LINES TO A PROMISING YOUNG ARTIST.

These bays be thine; and, tho' not form'd to
shine

Clear as thy colour, faultless as thy line,
Yet shall the Muse essay, in humble verse,
Thy merits, lovely Painting to rehearse.
As when the demon of the winter storm
Robs each sweet flow'ret of its beauteous form,
The Spirit of the stream, in crystal wave
Sleeps whilst the chilling blasts above him rave,
Till the sun spreads his animating fires
And sullen darkness from the scene retires,
Then mountain-nymphs discard their robes of
snow,
And in green mantles smile in roseate glow,
And rivers, loosen'd from their icy chain,
Spread joy and richness through the verdant
plain,

Thus, in those climes where skies are ever fair,
Each infant Science breath'd a genial air,
Climes where the earth her stores to all resign'd,
Nor left one selfish passion to the mind;
On her green lap the swain reclin'd his head,
And found his banquet where he found his
bed.

Then Painting grew and from the shades of
flow'rs

There first essay'd her imitative powers,
When, urg'd by plunder, with the torrent's
might,

Nerv'd by the storm, and harden'd in the fight,
A race barbarian left their forests wild,
And sought the spot where Love and Learning
smil'd.

By Taste unsoften'd, these relentless droves
Burst, fair Italia! through thy sacred groves,
Laid ev'ry flow'r of Art and Fancy waste,
And pour'd a winter o'er the realms of Taste,
Each Science trembled at the ruffian sound,
Forsook her shades, and fled her classic ground;
The lofty column prostrate in the dust,

Defac'd the arch, o'erthrown the matchless
bust,

The shatter'd fresco animates no more,
And ruthless winds through clefted temples
roar!

Florence beheld the scene with sad surprise,
And bade the prostrate pile in grandeur rise.

Then, oh! thou truly „Father of the Art!” 72

'Twas thine superiour vigour to impart;

Illustrious Cimabue! it was thine

To soar beyond Example's bounded line,

And, as the heav'n-directed sceptre's shock

Produc'd full torrents from the flinty rock

So streams of taste obey'd thy pencil's call,

And Nature seem'd to start from out the wall.

Hail, beauteous art! oh! that in equal lay

Could but my Muse thy various pow'rs convey!

'Tis thine with silent eloquence to shew

Passions strong image, Beauty's rapt'rous glow,

To soothe the parted lover's anxious care,

Who owns thee fairest of thy sisters fair;

When waves divide him, still thro' thee to

trace

Yet while her dulcet sounds enchant, they die;
So shooting stars illumine the midnight sky,
And, as we wonder, vanish from the eye.

But when resistless Death, in mournful hour,
Withdraws the drooping painter's mimic pow'r,
Improv'd by time, his works still charm the sight,
And thro' successive ages yield delight.

Greece early bade the painter's pencil trace
Each form with force, to force the added grace;
For this her Zeuxis she a garland wove;
For that Appelles won her grateful love. ⁷³

Chiefly she call'd on Painting's magic pow'rs
To deck the guardians of her lofty tow'rs;
Here Jove in lightning show'd his awful mien, ⁷⁴
There Venus with her doves was smiling seen
Till ruthless Time, with unabating flight.

O'er Grecian grandeur flung the shades of night.
Long did they settle o'er the darkened world,
Till Raphael's hand the sable curtain furl'd;
A pious calm, an elevated grace,
Then on the canvass mark'd th' Apostle's face;
Devout applauses ev'ry feature drew
E'en such as graceful Sculpture never knew. ⁷⁵

In nearer times, and on a neighb'ring shore,
Painting but feebly shone, obscur'd by pow'r,
See Rubens' soul indignantly advance,
Press'd by the pride and vanity of France;
Behold, in fulsome allegory spread, ⁷⁶
The gaudy Iris o'er the victor's head!
See Genius, deaf to Nature's nobler call,
Waste all its strenght upon the banner'd hall!
E'en now, tho' Gallia in her blood-stain'd car,
Spreads over Europe all the woes of war,
Still with consummate craft she tries to prove
How much the peaceful charms engage her
love;
Treasures of art in lengthen'd gall'ries glow,
And Europe's plunder Europe's plund'ers show.
Yet of her living artists few can claim
Half the mix'd praise that waits on David's
fame
Thrice happy Britain! in thy favour'd isle
The sister Arts in health and beauty smile!
Tho' no Imperial Gall'ries grace thy shores,
Tho' wealth the public bounty seldom pours,
Yet private taste rewards the painter's toil,

And bids his genius grace his native soil,
Bless'd country! here thy artists can supply
Abundant charms to fix th' admiring eye:
In furtive splendour ne'er art thou array'd
No plunder'd country mourns thy ruthless blade,
Sees its transported treasures torn away,
To grace a fierce ambitious Tyrant's sway.
Long in this isle, where Freedom finds repose,
Whilst, raving round her, loud the tempest blows,
Oh! long befriended, may the Arts excel,
And bless the sacred spot they love so well!

**CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE
YEARS OLD.**

Loving she is, and tractable, though wild;
And Innocence hath privilege in her
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes;
And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock-chastisement and partnership in play.
And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone
Than when both young and old sit gathered
round

And take delight in its activity,
Even so this happy Creature of herself
Is all sufficient: solitude to her
Is blithe society, who fills the air
With gladness and involuntary songs.
Light are her sallies as the tripping Fawn's

WE ARE SEVEN.

— — A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.

„Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?”
„How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

„And where are they? I pray you tell.”

She answered, „Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

„You say that two at Conway dwell
And two are gone to sea
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be?”

Then did the little Maid reply,
„Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree.”

„You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

„Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little Maid replied,
„Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side,

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit —
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, Sir
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Iane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;
And all the summer day,
Together round her grave we played
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

„How many are you then," said I,
„If they two are in Heaven?"
The little Maiden did reply,
„O Master! we are seven."

„But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in Heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, „Nay, we are seven."

LUCY GRAY.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the Wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary Child.

No Mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide Moor,
— The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the Fawn at play,
The Hare upon the Green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

„To night will be a stormy night —
You to the Town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.”

„That, Father! will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon —
The Minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the Moon.”

At this the Father raised his hook
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blighter is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb;
But never reached the Town.

The wretched Parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the Moor;
And thence they saw the Bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

And turning homeward, now they cried
„In Heaven we all shall meet!”
— When in the snow the Mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone-wall:

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the Bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
The footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living Child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome Wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song,
That whistles in the wind.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

(A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE.) 77

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
We've romp'd enough, my little Boy!
Iane hangs her head upon my breast,
And you shall bring your stool and rest,
This corner is your own.

There! take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly;
And, as I promised, I will tell
The strange adventure which befel
A poor blind Highland Boy.

A Highland Boy! — why call him so?
Because, my Darlings, ye must know,
In land where many a mountain towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours!
He from his birth had liv'd.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight;
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,
Nor had a melancholy mind;
For God took pity on the Boy
And was his friend; and gave him joy
Of which we nothing know.

His Mother too, no doubt, above
Her other children him did love:
For, was she here, or was she there,
She thought of him with constant care,
And more than Mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog too had he; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if bereft
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow;
And thus from house to house would go,
And all were pleased to hear and see;
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream;
Both when he heard the Eagles scream,
And when he heard the torrents roar,
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which the Cottage stood.

Beside a lake their Cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;
But one of mighty size and strange;
That rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake, by night and day,
The great Sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the hills;
And drinks up all the pretty rills
And rivers large and strong:

Then hurries back the road it came —
Returns, on errand still the same;
This did it when the earth was new;
And this for evermore will do,
As long as earth shall last.

And with the coming of the Tide,
Come Boats and Ships, that sweetly ride,
Between the woods and lofty rocks;
And to the Shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant Lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were,
The blind Boy always had his share;
Whether of mighty Towns, or Vales
With warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirr'd,
When from the water-side he heard
The shouting, and the jolly cheers,
The bustle of the mariners
In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail?
For He must never handle sail;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In Sailor's ship, or Fisher's boat
Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said,
What sin would be upon her head
If she should suffer this: „My Son,
Whate'er you do, leave this undone;
The danger is so great.”

Thus lived he by Loch Levin's side
Still sounding with the sounding tide,
And heard the billows leap and dance,
Without a shadow of mischance,
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well;
You soon shall know how this befel)
He's in a vessel of his own,
On the swift water hurrying down
Towards the mighty Sea.

In such a vessel never more
May human Creature leave the shore:
If this or that way he should stir,
Woe to the poor blind Mariner!
For death will be his doom.

But say what rears him? — Ye have seen
The Indian's Bow, his arrows keen,
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright;
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those sea-faring men
Spread round that Haven in the glen;
Each hut, perchance, might have its own,
And to the Boy they all were known,
He knew and prized them all,

And one, the rarest, was a Shell
Which he, poor Child, had studied well;
The Shell of a green Turtle, thin
And hollow, — you might sit therein,
It was so wide and deep.

'Twas even the largest of its kind,
Large, thin, and light as birch-tree rind;
So light a Shell that it would swim,
And gaily lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing waves.

And this the little blind Boy knew;
And he a story strange, yet true,
Had heard, how in a shell like this,
An English Boy, O thought of bliss!
Had stoutly launched from shore;

Launched from the margin of a bay
Among the Indian Isles, where lay
His Father's ship, and had sailed far,
To join that gallant Ship of war,
In his delightful Shell.

Our Highland Boy oft visited,
The house which held this prize; and, led
By choice or chance, did thither come
One day when no one was at home,
And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,
That story flashed upon his mind; —
A bold thought rouzed him, and he took
The shell from out its secret nook,
And bore it in his arms.

And with the happy burthen hied,
And pushed it from Loch-Levin's side, —
Stepped into it; and without dread,
Following the fancies in his head,
He paddled up and down.

A while he stood upon his feet;
He felt the motion — took his seat;
And dallied thus, till from the shore
The tide retreating more and more
Had sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven,
How rapidly the Child is driven!
The fourth part of a mile I ween
He thus had gone, ere he was seen
By any human eye.

But when he first was seen, oh me
What shrieking and what misery!
For many saw; among the rest
His Mother, she who loved him best,
She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the Child, the sightless Boy,
It is the triumph of his joy!
The bravest Traveller in balloon,
Mounting as if to reach the moon,
Was never half so bless'd.

And let him, let him go his way,
Alone and innocent and gay!
For, if good Angels love to wait
On the forlorn unfortunate,
This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
The cries which broke from old and young
In Gaelic, or in English tongue,
Are stifled, — all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
A Boat is ready to pursue ;
And from the shore their course they take,
And swiftly down the running Lake
They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace,
So have ye seen the fowler chase
On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
A Youngling of the wild-duck's nest
With deftly-lifted oar.

Or as the wily Sailors crept
To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
The hapless Creature which did dwell
Erewhile within the dancing Shell,
They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made
They follow, more and more afraid,
More cautious as they draw more near,
But in his darkness he can hear,
And guesses their intent.

„Lei-gha — Lei-gha” — then did he cry
„Lei-gha — Lei-gha” most eagerly;
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
And what he meant was, „Keep away,
And leave me to myself!”

Alas! and when he felt their hands —
You’ve often heard of magic Wands
That with a motion overthrow
A palace of the proudest shew
Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams, that inward light
With which his soul had shone so bright,
All vanish’d; ’twas a heartfelt cross
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
As he had ever known.

But hark a gratulating voice
With which the very hills rejoice:
'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly
Had watch'd the event, and now can see
That he is save at last.

And then, when he was brought to land,
Full sure they were a happy band,
Which gathering round did on the banks
Of that great Water give God thanks,
And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
The blind Boy's little Dog took part;
He leapt about, and oft did kiss
His master's hands in sign of bliss
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,
She who had fainted with her fear,
Rejoiced when waking she espies
The Child; when she can trust her eyes,
And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,
When he was in the house again :
Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes,
She could not blame him, or chastise:
She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved
The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved;
And though his fancies had been wild,
Yet he was pleased, and reconciled
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland Dell
Still do they keep the Turtle shell ;
And long the Story will repeat
Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,
And how he was preserved.

E L L E N I R W I N

OR

T H E B R A E S O F K I R T L E. 78

Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate
Upon the Braes of Kirtle,
Was lovely as a Grecian Maid
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle.
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay;
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.

From many Knights and many Squires
The Bruce had been selected;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble Youth!
For it may be proclaimed with truth,

If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what is Gordon's beauteous face?
And what are Gordon's crosses
To them who sit by Kirtle's Braes
Upon the verdant mosses?
Alas that ever he was born!
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
Sees them and their caressing,
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling, —
And, starting up, to Bruce's heart
He launched a deadly javelin!
Fair Ellen saw it when it came,
And, stepping forth to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The Youth, her chosen lover.

And falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,
Thus from the heart of her True-love
The mortal spear repelling.

And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
'The Gordon, sailed away to Spain;
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish Crescent.

But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing:
And coming back across the wave,
Without a groan on Ellen's grave
His body he extended,
Ans there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kirkonell churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen:
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn HIC IACET!

THE SEVEN SISTERS,
OR
THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald,
All Children of one Mother;
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A Garland of seven Lilies wrought!
Seven Sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold Knight as ever fought,
Their Father, took of them no thought,
He loved the Wars so well.
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a Rover brave

To Binnorie is steering;
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The Warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the Leader of the Band
Has blown his bugle horn.
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a Grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like Fawns reposing,
But now upstarting with affright
At noise of Man and Steed,
Away they fly to left to right —
Of your fair household, Father Knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And over Hill and Hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,

The youthful Rovers follow,
Cried they, „Your Father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty House when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!”
Sing, mournfully oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run, and cry, „Nay let us die,
And let us die together.”
A Lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

The Stream that flows out of the Lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,

For those seven lovely Campbells,
Seven little Islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The Fishers say, those Sisters fair
By Faeries are all buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

When the Brothers reached the gateway,
Eustace pointed with his lance
To the Horn which there was hanging;
Horn of the inheritance.
Horn it was which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save He who came as rightful Heir
To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.

Heirs from ages without record
Had the House of Lucie born,
Who of right had claim'd the Lordship
By the proof upon the Horn:
Each at the appointed hour
Tried the Horn, — it own'd his power;
He was acknowledged: and the blast,
Which good Sir Eustace sounded, was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
And to Hubert thus said he:

„What I speak this Horn shall witness
„For thy better memory.
„Hear then and neglect me not!
„At this time, and on this spot,
„The words are utter'd from my heart,
„As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

„On good service we are going
„Life to risk by sea and land;
„In which course if Christ our Saviour
„Do my sinful soul demand,
„Hither come thou back straightway
„Hubert, if alive that day;
„Return, and sound the Horn, that we
„May have a living House still left in thee!”

„Fear not, quickly answer'd Hubert;
„As I am thy Father's son,
„What thou askest, noble Brother,
„With God's favour shall be done.”
So were both right well content:
From the Castle forth they went.

And at the head of their Array
To Palestine the Brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies
Were a line for valour fam'd)
And where'er their strokes alighted
There the Saracens were tam'd,
Whence then could it come the thought
By what evil spirit brought?
Oh! can a brave Man wish to take
His Brother's life, for Land's and Castle's sake?

„Sir!” the Ruffians said to Hubert
„Deep he lies in Iordan flood.” —
Stricken by this ill assurance,
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
„Take your earnings.” — Oh! that I
Could have seen my Brother die!
It was a pang that vex'd him then;
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months pass'd on, and no Sir Eustace!
Nor of him were tidings heard;
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
Back again to England steer'd,

To his Castle Hubert sped ;
He has nothing now to dread,
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
Night or day, at even or morn ;
For the sound was heard by no one
Of the proclamation-horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee :
Months and years went smilingly ;
With plenty was his table spread ;
And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had Sons and Daughters ;
And, as good men do, he sate
At his board by these surrounded,
Flourishing in fair estate.
And, while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was utter'd from the Horn,
Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace !
He is come to claim his right :

Ancient Castle, Woods and Mountains
Hear the challenge with delight.
Hubert! though the blast be blown
He is helpless and alone:
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word!
And there he may be lodg'd, and thou be Lord.

Speak! — astounded Hubert cannot;
And if power to speak he had,
All are daunted, all the household
Smitten to the heart, and sad.
'Tis Sir Eustace; if it be
Living Man, it must be he!
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
And by a Postern-gate he slunk away.

Long and long were he unheard of:
To his Brother then he came,
Made confession, ask'd forgiveness,
Ask'd it by a Brother's name,
And by all the Saints in Heaven;
And of Eustace was forgiv'n:
Then in a Convent went to hide
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
Had preserv'd from Murderers' hands,
And from Pagan chains had rescued,
Liv'd with honour in his lands.
Sons he had, saw Sons of theirs:
And through ages, Heirs of Heirs,
A long posterity renown'd,
Sounded the Horn, which they alone could
sound.

UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN JOYS.

Why dost thou pine for sordid gain,
Procured with toil, enjoyed with pain?
The wealth of Croesus cannot save
Or buy one moment from the grave;
When Death commands, e'en monarchs must
obey,

And change the purple for a garb of clay.

If thy desires be for gain,
Let Virtue in thy bosom reign.

Why dost thou seek delusive fame,
And barter substance for a name?
Those vaunting brows with laurels crown'd,
The solemn cypress must surroun'd:
Impartial death prepares an equal grave
For conqu'ring heroes as the vanquish'd slave.

If thy ambition pants for fame,
Let Virtue be thy stèadfast aim.

Why dost thou trust in beauty? say!
'Tis like a flow'r that fades away,
The tyrant smiles at beauty's bloom,
And plucks it to adorn the tomb.
His ruthless hand, with all-subduing sway,
Enshrines alike the youthful and the grey.
If thou wouldst be for ever fair,
Lest Virtue be thy constant care.
When wealth, and fame, and beauty, pass
away,
Her hand shall bear thee to eternal day.

Mortalis. June 21. 1813.

ODE TO FANCY.

Malice, lay thy venom by,
Envy's arrows cease to fly,
Fancy's charms withstand them all,
Fancy rules the rolling ball:
All the fairest forms we see,
Are not half so fair as she,
Ever lovely, ever young,
Goddess listen to my song!
Tune the harp, and smooth the lays,
Soothe and suit them to thy praise,
That the tribute may not be
Unacceptable to thee,
So may sweeter sacrifice
Hourly on thy altars rise,
So may greener garlands twine
Round about thy sacred shrine.

How wild the haunts where Fancy lives,
How sweet the joys which Fancy gives,

How soft the soul, to art unknown,
Which Fancy forms and calls her own.
There ev'ry virtue blossoms fair,
And ev'ry gen'rous germ is there,
There truth presides in fiction drest,
And nature dwells a constant guest,
And love, and joy, and art combine,
To rear their lovely sov'reign's shrine.

The passions, they who rule o'er all,
Themselves are ruled at Fancy's call.
Revenge in midnight murders dyed,
And guilt and anger, near allied,
Consuming grief, corroding care,
And rankling rage and dark despair,
All, all submit to Fancy's chain
And strive to burst their bonds in vain.

What are the thousand ills of life,
Bewildering woe, and care and strife,
The miseries which mankind distress,
To him who Fancy loves to bless.
For she can bid the desert bloom

With fairest flow'rs of sweet perfume,
Transform the dens where darkness reigns
To flow'ry fields and peaceful plains,
And make the pensive pris'ner's cell
A place for freedom's self to dwell.

When Fancy waves her magic wand,
Rich fruits adorn the barren land,
And Ceres spreads her golden store,
Where desolation ruled before.
The dismal caves and yawning graves,
Where envy pines, and madness raves,
By Fancy touch'd, in scenes abound
With nature's greenest glories crown'd;
And rising hill and verdant vale,
With joy the sweet magician hail.

Happy he whom Fancy leads,
Through her wild sequestered meads,
Over valley, over hill,
By the torrent, by the rill,
She will lead him to her bow'rs,
Cull for him the fairest flow'rs;

Sweetest pleasures he shall find,
Greenest bays his temples bind ;
All throughout the livelong day
She will sing his cares away,
And her notes of soft delight
Lull his soul to rest by night.
By the torrent, by the rill,
Over valley, over hill,
Through her wild sequester'd meads,
Happy he whom Fancy leads.

Kentish Town H. N.

M O R N I N G.

Old Night retreats, and leaves the earth
To sun and morn and smiling mirth;
Retreats with sullen steps and sad,
In funeral dress right mournful clad.
On he travels to the West,
Where he takes his gloomy rest.
Sweet Morn, with roses on her cheek,
So still, so gentle, mild and meek,
Smiles where the East unlocks his gate
With golden key; in splendid state,
And gorgeous pride, the King of Day
Majestic rolls along his way;
Pours a flood of silvery light
Dazzling, warming, generous, bright.
Loud crows the cock, and shakes his coat;
The blackbird sings his sweetest note;
The lark, heaven's bird, aspiring high,
Climbs to the ceiling of the sky.

Sweet hour of health, which unto mirth
And cheerfulness will aye give birth!
Rise man, and woo the virgin dawn,
With vigour walk the dewy lawn;
Inhale the breath that heaven hath sent —
The source of health and merriment.

B. Wordsman.

E V E N I N G.

T here is an hour, when in the glowing west
The sun descending quits the busy world,
When Nature veil'd in soberness is hush'd
And silent . . . in imagination throng'd
With all the sable imag'ry of gloom,
And therefore by the gay and heedless shunn'd
But valued by the wiser few, as rich
In thoughts and sentiments of better worth
Than all the gaudy trappings of the day:
That turbulence of passion and of will
The daily offspring of the mind, is lull'd;
Our eye pursues the sun's departing ray,

The sounds of labour fade upon the breeze,
And fall with less'ning cadence on the ear.
At such a moment — say — who does not feel
A kindred silence breathing in his soul,
To calm the bustling tumult of the world;
By day we live for man alone, — by night
We live for Nature, and for Nature's God.
The hum of men has ceas'd. — the globe is hid —
Night's sable canopy involving all.
It is an hour fitted, as 'twould seem
By him who made us, to suppress the throb
Of passion's ardent and tumultuous reign,
Concealing for a time the crafty world —
And rouse divine affections in the heart.
At such a moment too — when Ev'ning spreads
Her dusky mantle o'er the world — we see
The splendours of the firmament approach —
Celestial glories, bursting on the view,
Excite the finer feelings of the soul,
And tell us — „There are greater things than
these.”

S. T.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

It may be some apology for the imperfections of this Poem, that it was composed hastily, during a short tour upon the continent, when the Author's labours were liable to frequent interruption. But its best vindication is, that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo Subscription.

Fair Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
We yet may hear the hour
Peal'd over orchard and canal,
With voice prolong'd and measured fall,
From proud Saint Michael's tower;
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest ground.
Stems planted close by stems defy

The adventurous foot — the curious eye
For access seeks in vain;

And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.

No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet, glancing to the ray,

Our woodland path has cross'd;
And the straight causeway which we tread,
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds;
In groupes the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields glance between;
The peasant, at his labour blithe,
Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe: 79

But when these ears were green,
Placed close within destruction's scope,
Full little was that rustic's hope
Their ripening to have seen!

And, lo, a hamlet and its fane: —

Let not the gazer with disdain

 Their architecture view ;

For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,

And disproportion'd spire, are thine,

 Immortal Waterloo!

 Fear not the heat, though full and high

The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,

And scarce a forest straggler now

To shade us spreads a greenwood bough ;

These fields have seen a hotter day

Than ere was fired by sunny ray.

Yet one mile on — yon shatter'd hedge

Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge

 Looks on the field below,

And sinks so gently on the dale,

That not the folds of Beauty's veil

 In easier curves can flow.

Brief space from thence, the ground again

Ascending slowly from the plain,

 Forms an opposing screen,

Which, with its crest of upland ground,

Shuts the horizon all around.

The soften'd vale between
Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread;
Not the most timid maid need dread
To give her snow-white palfrey head

On that wide stubble-ground;
Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush are there,
Her course to intercept or scare.

Nor fosse nor fence are found,
Save where, from out her shatter'd bowers,
Rise Hougoumont's dismantled towers.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been? —

A stranger might reply,
„The bare extent of stubble-plain
Seems lately lighten'd of its grain;
And yonder sable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
When harvest-home was nigh.

On these broad spots of trampled ground,
Perchance the rustics danced such round
As Teniers loved to draw;

And where the earth seems scorch'd by flame
To dress the homely feast they came,
And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame
Around her fire of straw." —

So deem'st thou — so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems: —

But other harvest here
Than that which peasant's scythe demands,
Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.

No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap!
Heroes before each fatal sweep

Fell thick as ripen'd grain;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain.

Aye, look again — that line so black
And trampled, marks the bivouack,
Yon deep-graved ruts the artillery's track,

So often lost and won;
And close beside, the harden'd mud
Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dash'd the hot war-horse on.

These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell —
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
From yonder trenched mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenish'd there
Her garner-house profound.

Far other harvest-home and feast,
Than claims the boor from scythe released,
On these scorch'd fields were known!
Death hover'd o'er the maddening rout,
And, in the thrilling battle-shout,
Sent for the bloody banquet out
A summons of his own.

Through rolling smoke the Demon's eye
Could well each destined guest espy,

Well could his ear in ecstasy

Distinguish every tone

That fill'd the chorus of the fray —

From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray,

From charging squadrons' wild hurra,

From the wild clang that mark'd their way, —

Down to the dying groan,

And the last sob of life's decay

When breath was all but flown.

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,

Feast on! — but think not that a strife,

With such promiscuous carnage rife,

Protracted space may last;

The deadly tug of war at length

Must limits find in human strength,

And cease when these are pass'd.

Vain hope! — that morn's o'erclouded sun

Heard the wild shout of fight begun

Ere he attain'd his height,

And through the war-smoke volumed high,

Still peals that unremitted cry,

Though now he stoops to night.

For ten long hours of doubt and dread;
Fresh succours from the extended head
Of either hill the contest fed;

Still down the slope they drew,
The charge of columns paused not,
Nor ceased the storm of shell and shot;
For all that war could do
Of skill and force was proved that day,
And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray
On bloody Waterloo.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine, ⁸⁰
When ceaseless from the distant line
Continued thunders came!
Each burgher held his breath, to hear
These forerunners of havock near,
Of rapine and of flame.
What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When rolling through thy stately street,
The wounded shew'd their mangled plight
In token of the unfinish'd fight,
And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain!

How often in the distant drum
Heard'st thou the fell Invader come,
While Ruin, shouting to his band,
Shook high her torch and gory brand! —
Cheer thee, fair City! From yon stand,
Impatient, still his outstretch'd hand
Points to his pray in vain,
While all unwont to be withstood,
He fires the fight again.

„On! On!” was still his stern exclaim;
„Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
„Rush on the levell'd gun! 81
„My tseel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
„Each Hulan forward with his lance,
„My Guard — my chosen — charge for France,
„France and Napoleon!”

Loud answer'd their acclaiming shout,
Greeting the mandate which sent out
Their bravest and their best to dare
The fate their leader shunn'd to share. 82
But HE, his country's sword and shield,

Still in the battle-front reveal'd,
Where danger fiercest swept the field,
Came like a beam of light,
In action prompt, in sentence brief —
„Soldiers, stand firm,” exclaim'd the Chief,
„England shall tell the fight!” 83

On came the whirlwind — like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast —
On came the whirlwind — steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke,
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havock near,
The Cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,

That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet and plume and panoply, —

Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,

Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent;

And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of sword — the neigh of steeds —
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade; ⁸⁴
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot, — a mingled host,
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

Then, Wellington! thy piercing eye
This crisis caught of destiny —
The British host had stood
That morn 'gainst charge of sword and lance

As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said, „Advance!”

They were their ocean's flood. —

O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
The terrors of yon rushing tide?
Or will thy Chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel? ⁸⁵

Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,

And other standards fly? —
Think not that in yon columns, file
Thy conquering troops from distant Dyle —

Is Blucher yet unknown?
Or dwells not in thy memory still,
(Heard frequent in thine hour of ill)
What notes of hate and vengeance thrill

In Prussia's trumpet tone? —
What yet remains? — shall it be thine
To head the reliques of thy line
In one dread effort more? —

The Roman lore thy leisure loved,
And thou can'st tell what fortune proved

That Chieftain, who, of yore, ⁸⁶
Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,
And with the gladiators' aid

For empire enterprized —
He stood the cast his rashness play'd,
Left not the victims he had made,
Dug his red grave with his own blade,
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhorr'd — but not despised.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
On safety — howsoever bought,
Then turn thy fearful rein and ride,
Though twice ten thousand men have died

On this eventful day,
To gild the military fame
Which thou, for live, in traffic tame
Wilt barter thus away.

Shall future ages tell this tale
Of inconsistency faint and frail?
And art thou He of Lodi's bridge,

Marengo's field, and Wagram's ridge!

Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,
That, swell'd by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turbulence of power

A torrent fierce and wide;
'Reft of these aids, a rill obscure,
Shrinking unnoticed, mean, and poor,

Whose channel shows display'd
The wrecks of its impetuous course,
But not one symptom of the force

By which these wrecks were made!

Spur on thy way! — since now thine ear
Has brook'd thy veteran's wish to hear,

Who, as thy flight they eyed,
Exclaimed, — while tears of anguish came,
Wrung forth by pride and rage and shame, —

„Oh that he had but died!”
But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
Look, ere thou leav'st the fatal hill,

Back on yon broken ranks —
Upon whose wild confusion gleams
The moon, as on the troubled streams

When rivers break their banks,
And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,
Objects half seen roll swiftly by,

Down the dread current hurl'd —
So mingle banner, wain, and gun,
Where the tumultuous flight rolls on
Of warriors, who, when morn begun,
Defied a banded world.

List — frequent to the hurrying rout,
The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
Tells, that upon their broken rear
Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.

So fell a shriek was none,
When Beresina's icy flood
Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,
And, pressing on thy desperate way,
Raised oft and long their wild hurra,

The children of the Don.
Thine ear no yell of horror cleft
So ominous, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left —
Aye, left by thee — found soldier's grave

In Leipsic's corpse-encumber'd wave.
Fate, in these various perils past,
Reserved thee still some future cast; —
On the dread die thou now hast thrown,
Hangs not a single field alone,
Nor one campaign — thy martial fame,
Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
Have felt the final stroke;
And now, o'er thy devoted head
The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
The last dread seal is broke.

Since live thou wilt — refuse not now
Before these demagogues to bow,
Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
Who shall thy once imperial fate
Make wordy theme of vain debate —
Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less low
In seeking refuge from the foe,
Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
Thine hand hath ever held the knife? —

Such homage hath been paid
By Roman and by Grecian voice,

And there were honour in the choice,
If it were freely made.

Then safely come — in one so low, —
So lost, — we cannot own a foe;
Though dear experience bid us end,
In thee we ne'er can hail a friend. —
Come, howsoe'er — but do not hide
Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
Erewhile by gifted bard espied,
That „yet imperial hope;”

Think not that for a fresh rebound,
To raise ambition from the ground,

We yield thee means or scope.
In safety come — but ne'er again
Hold type of independent reign;

No islet calls thee lord,
We leave thee no confederate band,
No symbol of thy lost command,
To be a dagger in the hand
From which we wrench'd the sword.

Yet, even in yon sequester'd spot,
May worthier conquest be thy lot

Than yet thy life has known;
Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
That needs nor foreign aid nor arm,
A triumph all thine own.

Such waits thee when thou shalt controul
'Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,

That marr'd thy prosperous scene: —
Hear this — from no unmoved heart,
Which sighs, comparing what Thou art
With what thou might'st have been!

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy prince's smiles, thy state's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when, hanging up thy sword,
Well may'st thou think, „This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal;

And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!"

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
Ere from the field of fame we part;
Triumph and Sorrow border near,
And joy oft melts into a tear.
Alas! what links of love that morn
Has War's rude hand asunder torn;
For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here piled in common slaughter sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep;
Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again;
The son, whom, on his native shore,
The parent's voice shall bless no more;
The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
His blushing consort to his breast;
The husband, whom through many a year
Long love and mutual faith endear.
Thou cans't not name one tender tie
But here dissolved its reliques lie!

O when thou see'st some mourner's veil,
Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears
Stream when the stricken drum she hears;
Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd,
Is labouring in a father's breast, —
With no enquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo!

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close! —
Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted Picton's soul of fire —
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of Ponsonby could die —
De Lancy change Love's bridal-wreath,
For laurels from the hand of Death —
Saw'st gallant Miller's failing eye
Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
And Cameron, in the shock of steel,

Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
And generous Gordon, 'mid the strife,
Fall while he watch'd his leader's life. —
Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own!

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay!
Who may your names, your numbers, say;
What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
To each the dear-earn'd praise assign,
From high-born chiefs of martial fame
To the poor soldier's lowlier name?
Lightly ye rose that dawning day,
From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
To fill, before the sun was low,
The bed that morning cannot know. —
Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
And sacred be the heroes' sleep,
Till 'Time shall cease to run;
And ne'er beside their noble grave,
May Briton pass and fail to crave

A blessing on the fallen brave
Who fought with Wellington!

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
Wears desolation's withering trace;
Long shall my memory retain
Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong,
That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont!
Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The marksman's fatal post was made,
Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blacken'd portals torn
Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
Has not such havock bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes — Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remember'd long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
And fields of Waterloo.

C O N C L U S I O N.

Stern tide of human Time! that know'st not
rest,

But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb,
Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky breast
Successive generations to their doom;
While thy capacious stream has equal room
For the gay bark where Pleasure's streamers
sport,

And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,
The fisher-skiff, and barge that bears a court,
Still wafting onward all to one dark silent port.

Stern tide of Time! through what mysterious
change

Of hope and fear have our frail barks been
driven!

For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange

Was to one race of Adam's offspring given.
And sure such varied change of sea and heaven,

Such unexpected bursts of joy and woe,
Such fearful strife as that where we have striven,

Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,
Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease
to flow.

Well hast thou stood, my Country! — the brave
fight

Hast well maintain'd through good report
and ill;

In thy just cause and in thy native might,
And in Heaven's grace and justice constant still,
Whether the banded prowess, strength, and skill
Of half the world against thee stood array'd,
Or when, with better views and freer will,

Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade,
Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Well art thou now repaid — though slowly
rose,

And struggled long with mists thy blaze of fame,

While like the dawn that in the orient glows
On the broad wave its earlier lutsre came;
Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame,
And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray,
Where first the soldier, stung with generous
shame,

Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way,
And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach
away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high,
And bid the banner of thy Patron flow,
Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry!
For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe,
And rescued innocence from overthrow,
And trampled down, like him, tyrannic might,
And to the gazing world may'st proudly show
The chosen emblem of thy sainted Knight,
Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated
right.

Yet 'mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus ac-
quired,

Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down:

'Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,
The discipline so dreaded and admired,

In many a field of bloody conquest known;
— Such may by fame be lured, by gold be
hired —

'Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have
won.

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

„Expende Annibalem: — quot libras in duce summo

„Invenies? — — —

Juvenal, Sat. X.

'Tis done — but yesterday a King!

And arm'd with Kings to strive —

And now 'thou art a nameless thing

So abject — yet alive!

Is this the man of thousand thrones,

Who strew'd our Earth with hostile bones,

And can he thus survive?

Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,

Nor man nor fiend hath fall'n so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind

Who bow'd so low the knee?

By gazing on thyself grown blind,

Thou taught'st the rest to see.

With might unquestion'd, — power to save —
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson — it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife —
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife —

All quell'd! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!

The Victor overthrown!

The Arbiter of others' fate

A Suppliant for his own!

Is it some yet imperial hope

That with such change can calmly cope?

Or dread of death alone?

To die a prince — or live a slave —

Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,

Dreamed not of the rebound;

Chained by the trunk he vainly broke —

Alone — how looked he round? ⁸⁸

Thou in the sternness of thy strength

An equal deed hast done at length,

And darker fate hast found:

He fell, the forest-prowler's prey;

But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger — dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home. —
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou — from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung —
Too late thou leav'st the high command

To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart,
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain —
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain —
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,

To shame the world again —
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away;
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay;
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Autsria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile,
It ne'er was ruled by thee!

Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand

That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his bye-word to thy brow. ⁸⁹

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?

But one — „The world was mine;”
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth —
So long obeyed — so little worth!

Or like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,

His vulture and his rock!
Foredoomed by God — by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock; *
He in his fall preserv'd his pride
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

* „The fiend's arch mock.

„To lip a wanton, and suppose her chaste.” —

Shakspeare.

N O T E S.

1. **U**n-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly **Uaighmor**, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of **Callender** in **Menteith**, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant. In latter times, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, who have been only extirpated within these forty or fifty years.

2. „The hounds which we call **St. Hubert's hounds**, are commonly all black, yet nevertheless, their race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of **St. Hubert** have always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, who was a hunter with **St. Eustace**.” — — „They are mighty of body, nevertheless their leggs are low and short, likewise they are not swift, although they be very good of sent” etc. (*The noble art of Venery or hunting. Lond. 1611. 4. p. 15.*)

3. Until the present road was made through the romantic part which the author has attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile, called the **Trosachs**, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of the trees.

3. b. **Ptarmigan. Das Schneehuhn. (Tetrao lagopus Lin)**

4. The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden. (See Home's History of the Rebellion. Lond. 1802. 4. p. 281.

5. These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain by him in single combat. — Ascapart or Ascabart makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigies may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself.

6. The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish, to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would, in many cases, have produced the discovery of some circumstance, which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.

7. That Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer, admits of very easy proof. The author of the Letters from Scotland (ll. 167.) an officer of engineers, quartered at Inverness about 1720, who certainly cannot be deemed a favorable witness, gives an account of the office, and of a bard, whom he heard exercise his talent of recitation. „The bard is skilled in the genealogy of all the Highland families, sometimes preceptor to the young laird, celebrates in Irish verse the original of the tribe, the famous warlike actions of the successive heads, and sings his own lyrics as an opiate to the chief, when indisposed for sleep etc.” They

do not seem to be held in any high consideration, for the author saw them inspired only over a cup of ale, meanwhile the rest of the company had their fill of wine.

8. The ancient and powerful family of Graham (Graeme is here spelled after the Scottish pronunciation) held extensive possessions in the counties of Dunbarton and Stirling. Few families can boast of more historical renown, having claim to three of the most remarkable characters in the Scottish annals: Sir John the Graeme who fell in the field of Falkirk in 1298: the Marquis of Montrose and John Grahame of Claverhouse Viscount of Dundee.

9. Though there be no direct evidence for St. Modan's performance on the harp, it was however no unsaintly accomplishment; for St. Dunstan certainly did play upon that instrument, which, retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character announced future events by its spontaneous sound.

10. The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus, during the reign of James V, is the event alluded to in the text. The earl of Angus had married the queen dowager, and availed himself of the right which he thus acquired, as well as of his extensive power, to retain the king in a sort of tutelage, which approached very near to captivity. At length the king contrived to escape and the earl with all his ken and friends were banished. (Lindsay of Pitscottie's History of Scotland. Edinb. fol. p. 142.)

11. The well known cognizance of the Douglas family.

12. This was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the court of Scotland; nay, the presence of the sovereign himself scarcely restrained the ferocious and inveterate feuds which were the perpetual source of bloodshed among the Scottish nobility.

13. The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against this race was so inveterate, that numerous as their allies were,

and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguises.

14. The parish of Kilmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch-Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to St. Maronoch, Marnoch, or Maronan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered.

15. This is a beautiful cascade made at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, by a mountain stream called the Keltie, about a mile from the village of Callander.

16. Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprizes, that he acquired the epithet of Tine-man, because he tined, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought.

17. The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill.

18. Cotton-grass.

19. The drone of the bag-pipe.

20. Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in his intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the Kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. The line of the text signifies: Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine. The song itself is intended as an imitation of the jorrams or boat-songs of the Highlanders, which, were usually composed in honour of a favourite chief.

21. The Lennox, as the district is called which encircles the lower extremity of Loch-Lomond, was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers, who inhabited the inaccessible fastnesses at the upper end of the neighbouring district

of Loch Katrine. These were often marked by circumstances of great ferocity, of which the noted conflict of Glen-fruin is a celebrated instance.

22. In 1529 James V made a convention at Edinburgh, for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the license of his minority, and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitancies. Accordingly he assembled a flying Army of ten thousand men and swept through Ettrick forest where he hanged over the gate of his own castle Piers Cockburn of Henderland, and caused Adam Scott of Tushielaw also to be executed, who was distinguished by the title of King of the Border. But the most noted victim of justice, during that expedition, was John Armstrong of Gilnockie, famous in Scottish song, who, confiding in his own supposed innocence, met the king, with a retinue of thirty-six persons, all of whom were hanged at Carlenrig, near the source of the Teviot.

23. Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander, that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter which could be thrown upon him.

24. This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready, upon all occasions, to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his seat, at his haunch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation, to see if any one offends his patron.

25. When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the Fiery Cross, also Crean Tarigh or the Cross of Shame, because disobedience to what the Symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single

word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forwards with equal dispatch, to the next village and so on.

26. The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock.

27. The legend which follows is not of the author's invention, it is transcribed with the variation of a very few words, from the geographical collection made by the laird of Macfarlane H. 188.

28. The snood, or ribband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the curch, toy, or coif when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to loose pretensions to the name of a maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the church.

29. In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the founder of the church of Kilmallie, the author has endeavoured to trace the effects, which such a belief was likely to produce in a barbarous age, on the person to whom it related. It seems likely that he must have become a fanatic or an impostor, or that mixture of both which forms a more frequent character than either of them, as existing separately.

30. Most great families, in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. The Ben-Shie implies the female Fairy, whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families.

31. Inch-Cailliach, the Isle of Nuns, or of old women, is a most beautiful island at the lower extremity of Loch-

Lomond. The church belonging to the former nunnery was long used as the place of worship for the parish of Buchanan, but scarce any vestiges of it now remain. The burial ground continues to be used, and contains the family places of sepulture of several neighbouring clans. The Highlanders are as jealous of their rights of sepulcher, as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government if clan-ship can be called so, turned upon the single principle of family descent. „May his ashes be scattered on the water” was one of the deepest and most solemn imprecations which they used against an enemy.

32. The present brogue of the Highlanders is made of half dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod, is a matter altogether out of question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of the undress'd deer's hide, with the hair outwards, a circumstance which procured the Highlanders the well-known epithet of Red-shanks.

33. The Coronach of the Highlanders, like the Ululatus of the Romans, and the Ulaloo of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death.

34. Correi or Corri: the hollow side of the hill, where Game usually lies.

35. Stumah: Faithful, the name of a dog.

36. A glance at the provincial map of Perthshire, or at any large map of Scotland, will trace the progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which in exercise of his poetical privilege the author has subjected to the authority of his imaginary chieftain, and which at the period of his romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine, a clan the most unfortunate, and most persecuted, but neither the least distinguished, least powerful, or least brave, of the tribes of the Gael.

37. Bracken: Fern.

38. It may be necessary to inform the southern reader, that the heath on the Scottish moor-lands is often set fire to that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced in room of the tough old heather plants.

39. The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. In other respects they were like most savage nations, capricious in their ideas concerning the obligatory power of oaths. One solemn mode of swearing was by kissing the dirk, imprecating upon themselves death by that, or a similar weapon, if they broke their vow. But for oaths in the usual form, they are said to have had little respect.

40. Coir-nan-Uriskin is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of Loch-Katrine. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks, the spontaneous production of the mountain, even where its cliffs appear denuded of soil. A dale in so wild a situation, and amid a people whose genius bordered on the romantic, did not remain without appropriate deities. The name literally implies the Corri, or Den, of the Wild or Shaggy Men. Perhaps this, as conjectured by Mr. Alexander Campbell (*Journey from Edinburgh 1802. p. 109.*) may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious banditti. But tradition has ascribed to the Urisk, who gives name to the cavern, a figure between a goat and a man; in short, however much the classical reader may be startled, precisely that of a Grecian Satyr.

41. Bealach-nam-Bo, or the pass of cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nan-Uriskin, treated of in the last note. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive.

42. The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of enquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the Taghairm, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a water-fall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits, who haunt these desolate recesses.

43. There is a rock so named in the forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes its course. This wild place is said in former times to have afforded refuge to an outlaw, who was supplied with provisions by a woman, who lowered them down from the brink of the precipice above. His water he procured for himself, by letting down a flaggon tied to a string, into the black pool beneath the fall.

44. Every thing belonging to the chace was formerly a matter of solemnity, but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, breaking (quartering) the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion; the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also. „There is a little gristle, says Turberville,” which is upon the spoone of the brisket, which we call the raven’s bone; and I have seen in some place a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and cry for it all the time you were in breaking up of the deer, and would not depart till she had it.

45. This little fairy tale is founded upon a very curious Danish ballad, which occurs in the Kiempe Viser.

46. Mavis and Merle: Thrush and Blackbird.

47. As the Daoine Shi, (or men of peace of the Highlanders) wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour. Indeed from some reason, which has been perhaps originally a general superstition, green is held in Scotland to be unlucky to particular tribes and counties.

48. The Elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power, a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction.

49. Having ten branches on his antlers.

50. St. Iohn actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford. „It was true, we give laws to hares and deer because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted, either cruelty or foul play, to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey'. (Clarendon's Hist. of the Rebellion. Oxford 1702. fol. I. 183.)

51. The Scottish Highlanders in former times, had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, by compressing it between two pieces of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard; this they reckoned a great delicacy.

52. The Scottish Highlander calls himself Gael, or Gaul, and terms the Lowlanders, Sassenach, or Saxons.

53. There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed.

54. This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imagin-

ary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy.

55. The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Ven-nachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the Dun of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some entrenchments which have been thought Roman. There is adjacent to Callender, a sweet villa, entitled the Roman Camp.

56. A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops they received the trust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside and used the broad-sword against the encumbered soldier.

57. Stirling was often polluted with noble blood: the fate of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, whom James II. stabbed in Stirling castle with his own hand, and while under his royal safe-conduct, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. Murdock Duke of Albany, Duncan Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and his two sons, Walther and Alexander Stewart, were executed at Stirling, in 1425.

58. An eminence on the north-east of the castle, where state criminals were executed.

59. Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn play, or festival, when feats of Archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V was very

partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons.

60. The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals. This sport, in which kings did not disdain to be actors, was prohibited in Scotland upon the Reformation, by a statute of the 6th parliament of Queen Marye. 61. A. D. 1556, which ordered under heavy penalties, that: na manner of persons be chosen Robert Hudenor little John, Abbot of Unreason, Queen of May, nor otherwise."

61. The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of Angus. But the king's behaviour during an unexpected interview with the Laird of Kilspindie, one of the banished Douglasses under circumstances similar to those in the text, is imitated from a real story told by Hume of Godscroft.

62. The usual price of a wrestling man was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed the poet.

63. Stabbed by James II in Stirling Castle.

64. The Scottish armies consisted chiefly of the nobility and barons, with their vassals, who held land under them, for military service by themselves and their tenants. The patriarchal influence exercised by the heads of clans in the Highlands and Borders was of a different nature, and sometimes at variance with feudal principles. It flowed from the *Patria Potestas* exercised by the chieftain as representing the original father of the whole name, and was often obeyed in contradiction to the feudal superior. James V. seems first to have introduced, in addition to the militia furnished from these sources, the service of a small number of mercenaries, who formed a body-guard, called the Foot-Band.

65. Drink upsees out: „a Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch" says the author.

66. The jongleurs, or jugglers, as we learn from the elaborate work of the late Mr. Strutt, on the sports and pastimes of the people of England, used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant. Her duty was tumbling and dancing: and therefore the Anglo-Saxon version of St. Marks Gospel states Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled before king Herod. In Scotland these poor creatures seem, even at a late period, to have been bonds-women to their masters.

67. A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V.

68. A circle of sportsmen, who by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the Tinchel.

69. This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of *il Bondocani*. Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V. was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was as we have seen, popularly termed the King of the commons. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises.

70. William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdown. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his *Complaint of the Papingo*. Mr. Chalmers in his last excellent edition of Sir David Lindsay's works, has refuted the chimerical

derivation of Snawdoun from snedding, or cutting. It was probably derived from the romantic legend which connected Stirling with King Arthur, to which the mention of the Round Table gives countenance. The ring within which jousts were formerly practised, in the castle park, is still called the Round Table. Snawdoun is the official title of one of the Scottish heralds, whose epithets seem in all countries to have been fantastically adopted from ancient history or romance.

The real name by which James was actually distinguished in his private excursions, was the Goodman of Ballenguich, derived from a steep pass leading up to the castle of Stirling, so called. But the epithet would not have suited poetry, and would besides at once and prematurely, have announced the plot to many of the author's countrymen, among whom the traditional stories of King James are still current.

71. The Piano-forte on which he excelled.

72. After the ravages of the northern barbarians, painting was revived in Italy, about the fourteenth century by Cimabue, who was hence stiled the father of Painting.

73. Painting attained so great a perfection amongst the Greeks, under Zeuxis, that Appelles found nothing wanting but grace, which in those times he bestowed upon the art, as Corregio did after Raphael.

74. The Greeks excelled in the delineation of their Deities, to whom they attributed all the human passions: their Jupiter was elevated to the highest degree of Majesty, their Venus to the utmost pitch of human beauty.

75. From Cimabue to Raphael the painters were employed by the church, and gave a character to the Prophets, Apostles and our Saviour which was never known to the ancient sculptors. The power which the former possessed for uniting dignity to humility is without a parallel.

76. As long as the french school adhered to the principles of the italian, it produced many great masters; however the art certainly degenerated after Raphael by being employed in adulatory allegory in honour of Princes, as is to be seen in the works of Rubens and Lebrun at Paris, artists of great talents which they were led to misapply through the supreme vanity of Louis XIV.

77. It is recorded in Dampier's Voyages that a Boy, the son of a Captain of a Man of war, seated himself in a Turtle-shell and floated in it from the shore to his Father's Ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. Upon the suggestion of a Friend, the Author has substituted a Shell for that less elegant vessel in which his blind voyager did actually intrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Levin, as was related to the Author by an Eye-witness.

78. The Kirtle is a river in the Southern part of Scotland, on whose banks the events here related took place. Brae is the Scotch word for Hill.

79. The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

80. It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Buonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours plunder of the city of Brussels.

81. The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanour towards the end of the action: —

„It was near seven o'clock; Buonaparte, who, till then, had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best

behold what passed, contemplated, with a stern countenance, the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward — to charge with the bayonet — to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered; to which he only replied, — „En avant! en avant!”

„One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. „Let him storm the battery,” replied Buonaparte, and turned his back on the aid-de-camp who brought the message.” — *Relation de la Bataille de Mont-Saint-Jean. Par un Temoin oculaire.* Paris, 1815, 8vo p. 51.

82. It has been reported that Buonaparte charged at the head of his guards at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down, indeed, to a hollow part of the high road leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This exhortation was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which were heard over all our line, and led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Buonaparte approach nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks on each side rendered secure from all such

balls as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there by the king of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country.*) It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon shewed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valour for recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

83. In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men: „Soldiers, we must never be beat, — what will they say in England?” It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

84. A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to „a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles.”

85. No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The imperial guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment: „The guards never yield — they die.” The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence, of St Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and entrenchments

*) The mistakes concerning this observatory have been mutual. The English supposed it was erected for the use of Buonaparte; and a French writer affirms it was constructed by the Duke of Wellington.

which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respect curious, was written by an eye-witness, he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and ditch which runs along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticising this work, that the writer states the Chateau of Hougomont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself, but the British (a detachment of the Guards, under the command of Colonel Macdounell and afterwards of Colonel Home,) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the Duke of Wellington's right flank.

86. The author probably means Catilina, who, seeing the battle of Pistoria lost, desperately threw himself amidst the Romans, where he was killed.

87. *Certaminis gaudia*, the expression of Attila in his harangue to his army, previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus.

88. Croton of Miletus, famous for his strength, who at last was caught by robbers in a helpless state, with his hands pinched in the cleft of an oak which he was about to rend asunder.

89. Dionysius the younger, who after delivering over to Timoleon, was transported to Corinth, where he gained sustenance by teaching children the Grammar, and was scorn'd both for his former tyranny and present profligacy.

Errata.

- Page. 9, line 8: look'd for look's.
— 66, line 1: he for be.
— 66, line 2: Poem is for Poem in.
— 69, line 1: at for ad.
— 71, line 3: Less for Less.
— 74, line 5: and for ant.
— 137, line 8: With for Which.
— 148, line 5: . for ,
— 151, line 4: force for force.
— 154, line 7: . for ,
— 162, line 6: the for the.
— 163, line 10: shout for skout.
— 172, line 11: tur- for tnr- .
— 172, line the last: his for hls.
— 180, line 8: less for lees.
— 183, line the last: turn for tnrn.
— 189, line 11: sing for sing.
— 191, line 13: wear for wear.
— 192, line 4: from bottom: thou for thu.
— 196, line 10: chance for change.
— 215, line 14: -pice's for -pie's.
— 220, line 7: reared for reased.
— 242, line the last: Indign. for Idnign.
— 249, line the last but one: babes for habes.
— 265, line 4 from bottom: of for ot.
— 311, line 4 from bottom: Passion's for Passions.
— 313, line 16: , for .
— 315, line 1: . for ,
— 334, line 1: Heaven for Heavcn.
— 341, line 12: And for Ans.
— 353, line 8: Let for Led.
— 369, line 13: steel for tseel.
— 374, line 5 from bottom: life for live.



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